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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON:

Printed for C. BATHURST; J. RIVINGTON and Sons; B. WHITE; T. LONGMAN; B. LAW; S. CROWDER; J. ROBSON; J. JOHNSON; J. KNOX; G. ROBINSON and Co.; T. CADELL; J. NICHOLS; R. BALDWIN; and J. BEW.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

IMITATIONS *of* HORACE.

The First Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. VII. p. 3
The Second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. VI. 7
Book IV. *Ode* I. *of Horace* - - 18
Book IV. *Ode* IX. *of Horace* - - 21

EPISTLES.

To ROBERT *Earl of Oxford and Mortimer* - 25
To JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq; Secretary of State* - 26
To Mr. JERVAS, *with Mr.* DRYDEN'*s Translation of* FRESNOY'*s Art of Painting* - - 27
To Miss BLOUNT, *with the Works of* VOITURE 30
To the same, on her leaving the town after the CORONATION - - - 33
The BASSET TABLE, *an Eclogue* - - 35
Verbatim from Boileau - - - 39
Answer to a Question of Mrs. HOWE - - 40
Occasioned by some verses of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM - - - ib.
A prologue to a play for Mr. Dennis's benefit in 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death* - - - 41

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CONTENTS.

MACER, *a character* - - p. 42
To Mr. JOHN MOORE, *author of the celebrated* WORM-POWDER - - 43
SONG, *by a person of quality*, 1733 - - 45
On a certain LADY *at* COURT - - 46
On his GROTTO *at Twickenham, composed of Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals* - 47
To Mrs. B. on her birthday - - 48
To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN, *on his birthday* 1742 49

EPITAPHS.

I. *On* CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET, *in the Church of Witham in Suſſex* - - 50
II. *On Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBAL - - 51
III. *On the Hon.* SIMON HARCOURT, *only ſon of Lord Chancellor* HARCOURT: *at the church of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordſhire*, 1720 52
IV. *On* JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq; in Weſtminſter-abbey* ib.
V. *Intended for Mr.* ROWE, *in Weſtminſter-abbey* 53
VI. *On Mrs.* CORBET, *who died of a cancer in her breaſt* - - - 54
VII. *On the monument of the Hon.* ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his ſiſter* MARY, 1727 - ib.
VIII. *On Sir* GODFREY KNELLER, *in Weſtminſter-abbey*, 1723 - - - 55
IX. *On General* HENRY WITHERS, *in Weſtminſter-abbey* - - - 56
X. *On Mr.* ELIJAH FENTON, *at Eaſthamſtead, in Berks*, 1730 - - - ib.
XI. *On Mr.* GAY, *in Weſtminſter-abbey*, 1732 57
XII. *Intended for Sir* ISAAC NEWTON, *in Weſtminſter-abbey* - - ib.
XIII. *On Dr.* FRANCIS ATTERBURY, *Biſhop of* ROCHESTER, *who died in exile at Paris*, 1732, *a Dialogue* - - 58

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XIV. *On* EDMUND *Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age,* 1731 - p. 59
XV. *For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-abbey* - - - - ib.
Another, on the Same - - 60
Memoirs of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Diſcoveries of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS - 61
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS Περὶ Βαθους, *or the Art of Sinking in Poetry* - - - 135
VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS, *ſive* MARTINI SCRIBLERI *Summi Critici Caſtigationum in Æneidem Specimen* - - - 197
A Specimen of SCRIBLERUS's *Reports, Stradling* verſus *Stiles* - - - - 205
MEMOIRS *of P. P. clerk of this Pariſh* - 211
Of the Poet Laureat, Nov. 19, 1729 - 223
Guardians - - - 229
Preface to Homer's Iliad - - 268
Preface to the Works of Shakeſpear - 297

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IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

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EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!
"The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis ſanum rectèque valentem;
Quàm mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis
Adducit febres, et teſtamenta reſignat.
Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;

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Then ſouthward let your bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plums.
" Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a Feaſt:
" Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"—
What, rob your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;

Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, et ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine primâ.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes,
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quàm ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:
Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratum!

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But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near —
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a Corn-loft through a Chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."

Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aëra lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti: paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra,
Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.

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Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd (enough for me),
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual-rent or two,
And liv'd—juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I truſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.

Hac ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudâſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:
Inſpice, ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.

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To ſet this Matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
" Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

SATIRE VI.

The firſt Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome Houſe to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, ſet out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
' But here a Grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.'

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum ſilvae ſuper his foret. auctius, atque
Dî melius fecere. bene eſt. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.

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'If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
'By any Trick, or any Fault;
'And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
'And not like Forty other Fools:
'As thus: "Vouchſafe, oh Gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other Acre:
"Or, if it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
"Direct my Plow to find a Treaſure:"
'But only what my Station fits,
'And to be kept in my right Wits,
'Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, Competence:
'And let me in theſe Shades compoſe
'Something in Verſe as true as Proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix Months with Statesmen here.

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpâve minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum, O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors quae mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat: hâc prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter
Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinae quaeſtus acerbae.

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I muſt by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the Seas,
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To juſtle here among a Crowd."

Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Inſtituunt (ſic Dîs placitum), tu carminis eſto
Principium: Romae ſponſorem me rapis: Eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urge:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba. facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, inſane? et quas res agis? improbus urget.

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Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
That, begs my int'reſt for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cauſe is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great Affair at Two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:

Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar, at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.

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Then presently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you please;
" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As " What's o'clock?" And, " How's the Wind?"
" Whose Chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere suorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro par.
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Ex quae rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noster, ludos spectaverit una;

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Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tête-à-tête*;
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome Folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court:
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
"'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the Troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.

Luſerit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit: O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.

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THUS in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of Life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:

Perditur haec inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes coenaeque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos

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But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Received a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*.

Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque illi
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:

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He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our Courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene!
"For God's sake, come, and live with Men:
"Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learn'd at Court.)"
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice.
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere sylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam sis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

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('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah goutez ça!*
" That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.

Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque

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" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat! a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your Honour," quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

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BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To Venus.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now; alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms!
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming Loves;

Ad Venerem.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeve Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

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Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;

Comiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiae
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.

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There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacrymo per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

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Part of the NINTH ODE Of the FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Thoſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;

Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

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Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

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MISCELLANIES.

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EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl MORTIMER.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that cloſ'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

Epiſtle to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year 1721.

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And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul Supreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, and Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's-lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

To JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs Flattery.

Secretary of State.] In the year 1720.

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All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod path, purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

EPISTLE

To Mr. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Tranſlation of FRESNOY's Art of Painting.

THIS Verſe be thine, my Friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;

Epiſtle to Mr. Jervas.] This Epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717.

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Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours, found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While Summer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art?
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome Ruin's formidable ſhade:
While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
A fading Freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the *work of years!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſs'd
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;

* Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing his Poem.

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Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

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EPISTLE

To Miſs BLOUNT,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

In theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
'Till Fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular.

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Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by Honour, and made fools by Shame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in his place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, Front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the Fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs ſoon or late diſarms:

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Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes in France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.

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EPISTLE

TO THE SAME.

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her Mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtaid, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'Squire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Coronation] Of King George the Firſt, 1715.

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Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hounds come hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.

In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

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THE

BASSET-TABLE,

An ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room?
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septlevas* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:

The Baſſet-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it lies in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

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Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice loſt! Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *Cards' Ill-Uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See, on the Toothpick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe;
Jove, Jove himſelf does on the Sciſſars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:

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HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-box*,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine:
This *Snuff-box* will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier figh, a Lover ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
In complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An aukward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my int'reſt, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

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SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falſehoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright confuſion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all Reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He loves!*
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Marybone* bowl Time away.

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But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares
To *Baſſet*'s heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

Verbatim from BOILEAU,

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Trav'llers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

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ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis'nt) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

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A PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in *Britons* riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;

VER. 6. *But pitied Beliſarius, etc.*] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this alluſion, or finelier conducted. And the continued pleaſantry ſo delicately touched, that it took nothing from the ſelf-ſatisfaction the Critic, who heard it, had in his Merit, or the Audience in their charity. With ſo maſterly a hand has the Poet proſecuted, in this benevolent irony, that end, which he ſuppoſed Dennis himſelf, had he the wit to ſee, would have the ingenuity to approve.

This dreaded Sat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs,
Foe to his Pride, but Friend *to his Diſtreſs.*

VER. 7. *Was there a Chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Beliſarius at Chiſwick, ſupplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

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A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic*'s, *Briton*'s, *Old Man*'s Friend.

MACER:

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford;
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play out-did poor *Crown*.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the Wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.

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Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But juſt endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
And in four Months a batter'd Harridan,
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhare with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

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The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

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SONG, by a Perſon of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian Plains.

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VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

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On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, and MINERALS.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtil,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gems no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, St. JOHN ſat and thought;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that Iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil juſtice in moſt Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was deſcribing a Grotto incruſted and adorned with all ſorts of Minerals, collected, by the means of commerce, from the four quarters of the Globe.

VER. 11. *Where* Britiſh *ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot paſſions ſtole,

which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much conſequence to any but the parties concerned.

NOTES.

On his Grotto.] The improving and finiſhing his Grotto was the favourite amuſement of his declining Years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the diſpoſition and ornaments of this romantic receſs, appears to as much advantage as in his beſt contrived Poems.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his ſyſtem of Politics in this Grott, aſſiſted, as he gave out, by the Goddeſs Ægeria.

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Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let every blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or Ecstacy of Joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,
Die, by some sudden Ecstasy of Joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a Sigh of Love.

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To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN,
On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but Poetry,
This day TOM's fair Account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May TOM, whom Heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

VER. 6. *A table,*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

VER. 8. *Preſents her harp*] The harp is generally wore on the Iriſh Linen; ſuch as Table-cloths, *etc.*

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a ſtory Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern firſt wrote for the ſtage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him he muſt have ſix guineas for it; "which "(ſaid he) young man, is out of no diſreſpect to you; but the "players have had my goods too cheap."——We now look upon theſe *Prologues* with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.

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EPITAPHS.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Sat'riſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.

Epitaphs.] Theſe little compoſitions far exceed any thing we have of the ſame kind from other hands: yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the reſt of our Author's writings. The nature of the Compoſition itſelf is delicate; and generally it was a taſk impoſed on him; though he rarely complied with requeſts of this nature, as we may ſee by the ſmall number of theſe poems, but where the ſubject was worthy of his pen.

For random praiſe the Work would ne'er be done:
Each Mother aſks it for her looby Son:
Each Widow aſks it for the beſt of Men;
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.

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Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patrons ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

Yet when theſe elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in ſuch ſtrains as ſhew he was equally a maſter of this kind of Compoſition with every other he undertook, as the following lines in the *Epiſtle to Jervas* may witneſs; which would have made the fineſt Epitaph in the world:

Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who, having reſigned his place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A PLEASING Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free:
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

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III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak,
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq. In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

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V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE, In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY Reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful Woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows on the Monument in the Abbey erected to Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd buſt,
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe, ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life;
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was DRYDEN *once: The reſt who does not know?*

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.
Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.
JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

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VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Siſter MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

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And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER, In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poet's lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori.

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IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS, In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON, At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

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XI.

On Mr. GAY.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above Temptation in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] *i. e.* in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For, by peculiar ill-luck, the *formulary* expression, which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON, In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

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XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth, one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

Save my Country, Heav'n,] Alluding to the Biſhop's frequent uſe and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father* PAUL, in his prayer for the ſtate, ESTO PERPETUA. With how good a grace the Biſhop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his laſt moments, they will underſtand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly ſkilled in all divine and human learning: He employed his whole life in the ſervice of the *State*, againſt the unjuſt encroachments of the *Church*. He was modeſt, humble, and forgiving; candid, patient, and juſt; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happieſt compound of Science, Wiſdom, and Virtue.

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XIV.

On EDMUND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping Marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For One who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

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Another, on the Same.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

MEMOIRS

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY

Life, Works, and Diſcoveries

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy Times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember), thou may'ſt poſſibly, gentle Reader, have ſeen a certain venerable Perſon who frequented the outſide of the Palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decayed Gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as ſtraight as the hair of a River God riſing from the water. His cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuit*, took him for one, and others believed him ſome *High Prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefit-

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ing his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing, or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a Philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt Miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Miniſtry; who, either out of Jealouſy or Envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of ſo wonderful a nature that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great Philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length, I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin Tongue, that his Manuſcript

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was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows:

" Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace " thee as my best friend; for either the Stars and my " Art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which " is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and " thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What " thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of " the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed " an unkind, but a very coy Mistress: Watchful nights, " anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, " must be the lot of all who pursue her, through her " labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew " in this island (a soil fruitful of Philosophers), but my " complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by " visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. " I have, through my whole life, passed under several " disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from " the envy and malice which mankind express against " those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But " at present I am forced to take Sanctuary in the British " Court, to avoid the Revenge of a cruel Spaniard, " who has pursued me almost through the whole terra- " queous globe. Being about four years ago in the " City of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was " informed of a Lady who was marked with a Pome- " granate upon the inside of her right Thigh, which " blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the " due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insa- " tiable curiosity to view this wonderful Phænomenon,

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" I felt the ardour of my paſſion increaſe as the ſeaſon
" advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no
" longer contain. I bribed her Duenna, was admitted
" to the bath, ſaw her undreſſed, and the wonder diſ-
" played. This was ſoon after diſcovered by the huſ-
" band, who finding ſome letters I had writ to the
" Duenna, containing expreſſions of a doubtful mean-
" ing, ſuſpected me of a crime moſt alien from the Pu-
" rity of my Thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid
" by the advice of Friends, have been purſued, dogged,
" and way-laid through ſeveral nations, and even now
" ſcarce think myſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of
" this Palace. It has been my good fortune to have
" ſeen all the grand Phænomena of Nature, excepting
" an Earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three
" years in vain; and now by means of ſome Britiſh
" Ship (whoſe colours no Spaniard dare approach *)
" I impatiently expect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica, for
" that benefit. To thee, my Friend, whom Fate has
" marked for my Hiſtoriographer, I leave theſe my
" Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—
" be faithful and impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away (as I before related) by the jealouſy of the Queen's Miniſtry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his converſation, he for ſome years continued his Correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his Writings, and recommended to my care the

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

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recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him was on occaſion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt of knowledge, into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered Region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the Hiſtory of his Life, and of his extenſive merits to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the Reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his Birth.

IN the city of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profeſſion an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable Curioſities, eſteemed none more highly, than a ſkin of the true Pergamenian

Memoirs] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a ſatire, in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt Authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and *Truth* in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of our Author's friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of the *Firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Polite letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience*; Mr. Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal meaſure, and this ſo large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection.

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Parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus; for ſuch was the name of this venerable Perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different Caſt from his family.

His wife was a Lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed; but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Haerlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what * Columeſius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Revenge ſuffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the iſſue of that amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Beſides which, her Anceſtors had been profeſſors of Phyſic, Aſtrology, or Chemiſtry, in German Univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our

* Columeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his Opuſcul. p. 102.

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ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact precautions and methods he had uſed to procure that Bleſſing: for he never had cohabitation with his Spouſe but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his wife for almoſt the whole firſt year to Goat's * Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that Author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His wife miſcarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he diſdained not to treaſure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this † Author aſſerting that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at Weſt, a wind on which

* Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap 3.

† Ariſt. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5.

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that great philoſopher beſtowed the Encomiums of Father of the earth, Breath of the Elyſian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air.

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his unexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable Eſtate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew, who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand how to employ his great Riches, and on the other how to educate his child. He had already determined to ſet apart ſeveral annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuſcripts*, the effoſſion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries by which he hoped to become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond *Peireſkius* *. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two Treatiſes of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Muſic once in twenty-four hours, according to the cuſtom of the Magi: and that on a † particular day, he was obſerved to leap and

* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curioſity in that great Man's character.

† Ramſey's Cyrus. It was with judgment that the Authors

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kick exceedingly, which was on the firſt of April, the birth-day of the great *Baſilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St. Giles's Pariſh. But in the inveſtigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was paſſing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Aſtrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal Genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will,

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inſcription on the Column in the Centre of the ſeven Streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

choſe rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients from whence he took it. As it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from Antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their abſurdities.

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But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, becauſe the Executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to-bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewiſe a * *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of Crabs: This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his Wit. A great ſwarm of † *Waſps* played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides: This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *Muſh-rooms*: This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of Fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *Fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a Swan, and was concluding his ſon would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles

* Virgil's Laurel. Donat. † Plato, Lucan, &c.

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and Withers, the ſeveral Nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphyſic, a knot of Caſuiſtry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn of Jacob Behmen.*

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Magpye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Gooſe, and brayed like an Aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father was greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer *.

CHAP. II.

The Speech of Cornelius over his Son, at the Hour of his Birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it into his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than

* Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. pag. 45.

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the other, like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle "him! (quoth he) far be it from me to ſubmit to ſuch "a pernicious Cuſtom! Is not my ſon a Man? and is "not Man the Lord of the Univerſe? Is it thus you "uſe this Monarch at his firſt arrival in his dominions, "to manacle and ſhackle him hand and foot? Is this "what you call to be free-born? If you have no re-"gard to his natural Liberty, at leaſt have ſome to his "natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he ſpread-"eth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety "as his Fingers! a power which, in the ſmall circle of "a year, may be totally aboliſhed, by the enormous "confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. His ears (which "other animals turn with great advantage towards "the ſonorous object) may by the miniſtry of ſome "accurſed Nurſe, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not "ſo the Ancients, they could move them at pleaſure, "and accordingly are often deſcribed *arrectis auribus*." "What a devil! (quoth the Midwife;) would you have "your ſon move his ears like a Drill?" "Yes, fool "(ſaith he), why ſhould he not have the perfection of a "Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe: "My dear, I have "had many diſputes with you upon this ſubject before "I was a month gone: We have but one child, and "cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. "I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at "home, and always under my own eye." All the Goſſips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius

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broke out in this manner: "What, bred at home! "Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to "live the inglorious life of a Cabbage, to ſuck the nu- "tritious juices from the ſpot where he was firſt plant- "ed? No; to perambulate this terraqueous Globe is "too ſmall a Range; were it permitted, he ſhould at "leaſt make the Tour of the whole ſyſtem of the Sun. "Let other Mortals pore upon Maps, and ſwallow the "legends of lying travellers: the ſon of Cornelius "ſhall make his own Legs his Compaſſes; with thoſe "he ſhall meaſure Continents, Iſlands, Capes, Bays, "Streights, and Iſthmuſes: He ſhall himſelf take the "altitude of the higheſt mountains, from the peak of "Derby to the peak of Teneriff; when he has viſited "the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, and the famous "Ararat, where Noah's Ark firſt moored, he may take "a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphæans, nor would I "have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for "poetical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will deſerve "a more particular attention: I will therefore have him "obſerve with great care Veſuvius, Ætna, the burning "mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greateſt "rarity in the Northern Regions. Then he may like- "wiſe contemplate the wonders of the Mephitick cave. "When he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and "ſurveyed the works of Nature under ground, and "inſtructed himſelf fully in the nature of Volcanoes, "Earthquakes, Thunders, Tempeſts, and Hurricanes, "I hope he will bleſs the world with a more exact ſur- "vey of the deſerts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet "we are able to obtain: Then will I have him croſs "the ſeven Gulphs, meaſure the currents in the fifteen "famous Streights, and ſearch for thoſe fountains of "freſh water, that are at the bottom of the Ocean." —At theſe laſt words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trem-

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bling: The deſcription of this terrible Scene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's Son and his Shield, on the Day of the Chriſt'ning.

THE day of the Chriſt'ning being come, and the houſe filled with Goſſips, the Levity of whoſe Converſation ſuited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his Character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome *Ancient Cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield: and being poſſeſſed of an antique *Buckler*, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be ſhown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a Diſſertation concerning it *, proving from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the Ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his Gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

* See the Diſſertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

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He therefore took the Buckler out of a Caſe (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern Ruſt), and intruſted it to his Houſe-maid, with others, that, when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium*, and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

" This Day, my Friends, I purpoſe to exhibit my " Son before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of in- " ſpection, as he is deſcended from a Race of Virtuoſi. " Let the Phyſiognomiſts examine his features; let the " Chirographiſts behold his Palm; but, above all, let " us conſult for the calculation of his Nativity. To " this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not pre- " ſent him unto you in a vulgar manner. He ſhall be " cradled in my Ancient Shield, ſo famous through " the Univerſities of Europe. You all know how I " purchaſed that invaluable piece of Antiquity, at the " great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the " Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, " and how triumphantly I tranſported it hither, to the " inexpreſſible grief of all Germany. Happy in every " circumſtance, but that it broke the heart of the great " Melchior Inſipidus!"

Here he ſtopped his Speech, upon ſight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child: He took it in his arms, and proceeded:

" Behold then my Child, but firſt behold the Shield: " Behold this Ruſt,—or rather let me call it this pre- " cious Ærugo,—behold this beautiful varniſh of Time, " —this venerable Verdure of ſo many ages—"

In ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the Mantle, which covered it, inch by inch; but at every

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inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on ſight of the whole the Tremor became univerſal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, "O God! my Shield, my Shield!"

The truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her Andirons *.

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the Gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the Infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the Goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary Water, Hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the Shield in the hands of the Houſe-maid. "O Woman! Wo-"man!" he cried (and ſnatched it violently from her), "was it to thy ignorance that this Relick owes its "ruin? Where, where is the beautiful cruſt that co-"vered thee ſo long? where thoſe Traces of Time, and "*Fingers* as it were of Antiquity? Where all thoſe "beautiful obſcurities, the cauſe of much delightful "diſputation, where doubt and curioſity went hand "in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpeculations of "the Learned? And this the rude Touch of an igno-"rant Woman hath done away! The *curious Promi-"nence* at the belly of that figure, which ſome taking "for the *Cuſpis* of a ſword, denominated a Roman "Soldier; others accounting the *Inſignia Virilia*, pro-"nounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold ſhe "hath cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to

* Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd.

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" be the head of a Nail. O my Shield! my Shield! " well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Par-* " *mula.*"

The Gossips not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt? and cried, " Come, come, all is well; what has the Woman done " but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; " what a stir a man makes about a *Bason*, that an hour " ago, before his labour was bestowed upon it, a Coun- " try Barber would not have hung at his shop-door." " A *Bason!* (cried another) no such matter, 'tis nothing " but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of Passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to-bed; where being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Suction and Nutrition of the Great Scriblerus in his Infancy, and of the first Rudiments of his Learning.

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows: " Wisely was it said by Homer, that " in the Cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of " good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on

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" mortals ſeparately, but conſtantly mingles them to-
" gether. Thus at the ſame time hath Heaven bleſſed
" me with the birth of a Son, and afflicted me with the
" ſcouring of my Shield. Yet let us not repine at his
" Diſpenſations, who gives, and who takes away; but
" rather join in prayer, that the Ruſt of Antiquity
" which he hath been pleaſed to take from my Shield,
" may be added to my Son; and that ſo much of it, as
" it is my purpoſe he ſhall contract in his Education,
" may never be deſtroyed by any modern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the Shield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr. Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Kemp, incruſted it with a new Ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurſe, concerning the Nature of Aliment. The poor Woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef, and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect: " Hadſt thou read the An-
" cients, O Nurſe! thou would'ſt prefer the welfare of
" the Infant which thou nouriſheſt, to the indulging of
" an irregular and voracious Appetite. Beef, it is true,
" may confer a Robuſtneſs on the limbs of my Son,
" but will hebetate and clog his intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the Nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the beef,—" Paſſion (continued the Doctor, ſtill holding
" the diſh) throws the mind into too violent a ferment-
" ation: it is a kind of fever of the ſoul, or, as Ho-

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" race expreſſes it, *a ſhort Madneſs*. Conſider, Woman, " that this day's Suction of my Son may cauſe him to " imbibe many ungovernable Paſſions, and in a manner " ſpoil him for the temper of a Philoſopher. Romulus, " by ſucking a Wolf, became of a fierce and ſavage " diſpoſition: and were I to breed ſome Ottoman Em- " peror, or Founder of a Military Commonwealth, " perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous Ap- " petite."—What, interrupted the Nurſe, Beef ſpoil the underſtanding? that's fine indeed—how then could our Parſon preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a Diſh of Dæmonial black Broth? — " Lacedæmonian black " Broth, thou would'ſt ſay (replied Cornelius); but I " cannot allow the ſurfeit to have been occaſioned by " that diet, ſince it was recommended by the Divine " Lycurgus. No, Nurſe, thou muſt certainly have eaten " ſome meats of ill digeſtion the day before, and that " was the real cauſe of his diſorder. Conſider, Woman, " the different Temperaments of different Nations: " What makes the Engliſh phlegmatick and melan- " choly, but Beef? What renders the Welſh ſo hot and " cholerick, but Cheeſe and Leeks? The French derive " their levity from their Soups, Frogs, and Muſhrooms: " I would not let my Son dine like an Italian, leſt like " an Italian he ſhould be jealous and revengeful: The " warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, " as it might endow him with a profound Gravity, but, " at the ſame time, he might ſuck in with their food " their intolerable Vice of Pride. Therefore, Nurſe, " in ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny you, at preſent, " not only Beef, but likewiſe whatſoever any of thoſe " Nations eat." During this Speech, the Nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife,

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nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, ordered that the Child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with Butter mixed with Honey, according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show* of the Creation of the world, where the Child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in prophane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short, the old Gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dress. He invented for him a Geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different

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Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, Engliſh Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spaniſh: He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechiſed thereupon, which his Father was wont to call "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural Hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his Curioſity in *Sign-Poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found ſince in any Author, ſuch as White Lions, Golden Dragons, etc. He once thought the ſame of Green Men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the Hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the Mathematicks was diſcovered very early, by his drawing † parallel lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal Angles, ſo as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midſt of all theſe improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the Writing-maſter becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27.

† Paſcal's Life—Locke of Educ. *etc.*—There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of Science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

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Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated *, and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this Language, was his Love of Gingerbread; which his Father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtamped with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the Child the very firſt day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this Child in Greek at eight years old †; and at fourteen he compoſed a Tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger ‡ Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his Father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a reliſh for the Eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *Thouſand and One Arabian Tales*, and alſo the *Perſian Tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical Traditions of his *Nurſe*.

* Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a Word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly.

† So Montaigne ſays of his Latin. George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d'Artiſans et d'outils.

‡ Plin. Epiſt. lib. vii.

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CHAP. V.

A Diſſertation upon Play-things.

HERE follow the Inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy " againſt *Hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that " he invented *Dice* to ſerve ſometimes inſtead of a Din- " ner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by Nature, that " Children, as they have the keeneſt *Appetites*, are " moſt addicted to *Plays*. From the ſame cauſe, and " from the unprejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of " their minds it proceeds, that the Plays of the Ancient " Children are preſerved more entire than any other of " their Cuſtoms *. In this matter I would recommend " to all who have any concern in my Son's Education, " that they deviate not in the leaſt from the primitive " and ſimple Antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *Whiſtle*, as it is the firſt of all " Play-things. I will have it exactly to correſpond " with the ancient *Fiſtula*, and accordingly to be " compoſed *ſeptem paribus diſjuncta cicutis*.

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made " after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the Ancients, " for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) " kept the Children from breaking Earthen Ware. " The *China* cups in theſe days are not at all the ſafer " for the modern *Rattles*; which is an evident proof " how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

* Dr. Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *Tradition*, it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt Children; whoſe Games and Plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another.

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" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a *Top*, " till I am better informed whether the *Trochus*, which " was recommended by *Cato*, be really our preſent *Top*, " or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a ſtick. " Neither *Croſs* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes* are " quite ſo ancient as *Handy-dandy*, though Macrobius " and St. Auguſtine take notice of the firſt, and Minu- " tius Fœlix deſcribes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is " mentioned by Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the " French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played " at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of *Pſyche*, " and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-farthing*: " though ſome will have our modern *Chuck-farthing* " to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients. He alſo " mentions the *Baſilinda*, or *King I am*; and *Myinda*, " or *Hoopers-hide*.

" But the *Chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame Author " is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by pinch- " ing and not by ſtriking; though there are good au- " thors who affirm the *Rathapygiſmus* to be yet nearer " the modern *Hot-cockles*. My ſon Martin may uſe " either of them indifferently, they being equally " antique.

" *Building of Houſes*, and *Riding upon Sticks*, have " been uſed by children of all ages; *Ædificare caſas*, " *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whe- " ther the riding upon Sticks did not come into uſe " after the age of the *Centaurs*.

" There is one Play which ſhews the gravity of an- " cient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which " children contended who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. " This we have ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if I

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" might be allowed to guefs, it was certainly firft loft " among the *French*.

" I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidafcinda*, " which can be no other than our *Pufs in a Corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, fpeaks of the " *Melolonthe* or the *Kite*; but I queftion whether the " Kite of Antiquity was the fame with ours; and " though the Ορτυξοκοπία or *Quail-fighting* is what is " moft taken notice of, they had doubtlefs *Cock-* " *matches* alfo, as is evident from certain ancient Gems " and Relievos.

" In a word, let my fon Martin difport himfelf at " any Game truly antique, except one, which was " invented by a People among the Thracians, who " hung up one of their Companions in a rope, and " gave him a Knife to cut himfelf down; which if he " failed in, he was fuffered to hang till he was dead; " and this was only reckoned a fort of joke. I am " utterly againft this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the " beauty of the *Greek* names, whofe etymologies ac- " quaint us with the nature of the fports; and how " infinitely, both in fenfe and found, they excel our " barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithftanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condefcended to allow the Child the ufe of fome few modern Play-things; fuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inftilling an early notion of the fciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percuffion*, and the *Laws of Motion*; *Nut-crackers*, the ufe of the *Leaver*; *Swinging* on the ends of a board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-fcrews*, the *Vice*; *Whirligigs*, the *Axis* and *Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops*, the *Centrifugal* motion.

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Others of his ſports were farther carried to improve his tender ſoul even in Virtue and Morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Gymnaſtics, in what Exerciſes Martinus was educated; ſomething concerning Muſic, and what ſort of a Man his Uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt Antiquity, in relation to the *Exerciſes* of his Son. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the Laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; becauſe the *Diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports and common Cuſtoms, but this was his conſtant reply, "Let "a Daughter be the Care of her Mother, but the Edu- "cation of a Son ſhould be the delight of his Father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpaſtus* of the Ancients was yet

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in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the Weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnaſticks*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his Mother he would inſtantly cure it: He ſlit a green Reed, and caſt the Knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced theſe words *, *Daries, dcries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her ſon to the like dangerous Exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a Dancing-maſter, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth "Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* ſaid, the beſt "Dancers were the beſt warriors; but not thoſe ſpe- "cies of Dancing which you mention: They are cer- "tainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance, "which were utterly diſliked by the founder Ancients. "Martin ſhall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will "ſend all over *Europe*, till I find an Antiquary able to "inſtruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*. † Scaliger, "from whom my Son is lineally deſcended, boaſts to "have performed this warlike Dance in the preſence of

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton. de re ruſt.* c. 160.

† Scalig. Poetic. l. x. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſæpe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.*

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" the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Ger-
" many. What would he ſay, could he look down and
" ſee one of his poſterity ſo ignorant, as not to know
" the leaſt of that noble kind of *Saltation?*"

The poor Lady was at laſt inured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, " that *Spleen*, *Garter*, and *Girdle* are the " three impediments to the *Curſus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *Spleen* cauterized. " My ſon (quoth Cor-
" nelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this
" operation performed upon him immediately. More-
" over it will cure that immoderate Laughter to which
" I perceive he is addicted: For Laughter (as the ſame
" author hath it, ibid.) is cauſed by the bigneſs of the
" ſpleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and inſtantly ſent to her Brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haſte to her Huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire Quota of his Viſcera. " What does
" it ſignify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew ex-
" cels in the *Curſus*, or not? Speed is often a ſymptom
" of Cowardice, witneſs Hares and Deer."—" Do not
" forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius): I know that Run-
" ning has been condemned by the proud Spartans,
" as uſeleſs in war; and yet Demoſthenes could ſay,

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" Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων κ) πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which " the Engliſh Hudibras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.

" That's true (quoth Albertus), but pray conſider on the " other ſide that Animals * ſpleened grow extremely " ſalacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; " If " it be ſo, I will defer the Operation, for I will not " increaſe the powers of my ſon's body at the expence " of thoſe of his mind. I am indeed diſappointed in " moſt of my projects, and fear I muſt ſit down at laſt " contented with ſuch methods of Education as modern " barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had " we lived in the Age of Auguſtus! Then my ſon " might have heard the Philoſophers diſpute in the Porticos of the Palæſtra, and at the ſame time formed his " Body and his Underſtanding." " It is true (replied " Albertus) we have no *Exedræ* for the Philoſophers, " adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but there are Alehouſes, where he will hear very notable argumentations: Though we come not up to the Ancients in " the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or " the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients would have beat " us at *Quoits*, but not ſo much at the *Jaculum*, or " *pitching the Bar*. The † *Pugilatus* is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the *Corniſh-Hug* in the ‡ *Luctus* is equal to the *volutatoria* of the " Ancients." " You could not (anſwered Cornelius) have " produced a more unlucky inſtance of modern folly " and barbarity, than what you ſay of the *Jaculum* ‖. " The Cretans wiſely forbid their ſervants Gymna-

* Blackmore's Eſſay on Spleen. † Fifty Cuffs.
‡ Wreſtling. ‖ Ariſtot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3.

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" ſticks, as well as Arms; and yet your modern Foot-
" men exerciſe themſelves daily in the *Jaculum* at the
" corner of *Hyde Park*, whilſt their enervated Lords
" are lolling in their chariots (a ſpecies of Vectitation
" ſeldom uſed amongſt the Ancients, except by old
" men)." " You ſay well (quoth Albertus), and we
" have ſeveral other kinds of Vectitation unknown to
" the Ancients; particularly flying Chariots, where
" the people may have the benefit of this exerciſe at
" the ſmall expence of a farthing. But ſuppoſe (which
" I readily grant) that the Ancients excelled us almoſt
" in every thing, yet why this ſingularity? Your ſon
" muſt take up with ſuch maſters as the preſent age
" affords; we have Dancing-maſters, Writing-maſters,
" and Muſick-maſters."

The bare mention of *Muſick* threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can you dignify (quoth he) this mo-
" dern fidling with the name of Muſick? Will any of
" your beſt Hautboys encounter a Wolf now-a-days
" with no other arms but their inſtruments, as did that
" ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild Boars,
" Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, or Turbots,
" ſhewed the leaſt emotion at the moſt elaborate ſtrains
" of your modern Scrapers, all which have been, as it
" were, tamed and humanized by ancient Muſicians?
" Does not * Ælian tell us how the Libyan Mares were
" excited to horſing by Muſick? (which ought in truth
" to be a caution to modeſt Women againſt frequent-
" ing Operas; and conſider, Brother, you are brought
" to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the
" Ladies, or the power of your Muſick.) Whence
" proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not
" from the loſs of ancient Muſick, by which (ſays Ariſ-

* Ælian. Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44.

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" totle) they taught all the Virtues? elſe might we " turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Muſicians, " who ſhould teach moral Virtues to thoſe people. " Whence comes it that our preſent diſeaſes are ſo " ſtubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my ſciati- " cal pains? Alas! becauſe we have loſt their true cure, " by the melody of the Pipe. All this was well known " to the Ancients, as * Theophraſtus aſſures us (whence " † Cælius calls it *loca dolentia decantare)*, only indeed " ſome ſmall remains of this ſkill are preſerved in the " cure of the Tarantula. Did not ‡ Pythagoras ſtop " a company of drunken Bullies from ſtorming a civil " houſe, by changing the ſtrain of the Pipe to the ſober " Spondæus? and yet your modern Muſicians want " art to defend their windows from common Nickers. " It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian " Mob were up, they ‖ commonly ſent for a Leſbian " Muſician to appeaſe them, and they immediately " grew calm as ſoon as they heard Terpander ſing: " Yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of " Muſick, though the beſt of this age, could keep his " Holineſs's Image from being burnt on a fifth of No- " vember. Nor would Terpander himſelf (replied Al- " bertus) at Billingſgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in " the Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of " them together bring ⸸ Horneck to common civility." " That's a groſs miſtake (ſaid Cornelius very warmly), " and to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall Lyra of my " own, framed, ſtrung, and tuned after the ancient " manner. I can play ſome fragments of Leſbian " tunes, and I wiſh I were to try them upon the moſt

* Athenæus, lib. xiv. † Lib. de ſanitate tuenda, cap. 2.
‡ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. ‖ Suidas in Timotheo.
⸸ Horneck, a ſcurrilous Scribler, who wrote a weekly paper called *the High German Doctor*.

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" paſſionate creatures alive."——" You never had a " better opportunity (ſays Albertus), for yonder are two " apple-women ſcolding, and juſt ready to uncoif one " another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: He touched his Lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the Man and of the Muſick, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at laſt of the Combatants themſelves. They all approached the Balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when ſome favourite Air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his Muſick encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never touched his Lyre in ſuch a truly chromatick and enharmonick manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. " Mark " (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian, in that, " you ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. " Brother (ſaid he), do you " obſerve I have mixed unawares too much of the " *Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Lydian*, and ſoften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn " from this ſample to ſpeak with veneration of ancient " Muſick. If this lyre in my unſkilful hands can per- " form ſuch wonders, what muſt it not have done in " thoſe of a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid

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this, he retired with the utmoſt Exultation in himſelf, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetorick, Logick, and Metaphyſicks.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been ſaid) many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his Son, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the firſt place, to inſtruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his Treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable Diſcourſe Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets of this preſent age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphyſicks*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being *Polemical* Arts, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome Youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble Companion to his Son

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in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's ſide was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his Mother was Couſin to Mr. *Swan*, Gameſter and Punſter of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *Words*, which as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe Men, and ready-money of Fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a Parent, and ſuch a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences?

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one Operation of the Intellect, though like ſhort-ſighted men they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: they can form *ſingle apprehenſions**, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they could confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however, he uſed to ſay, that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

* When a learned Friend once urged to our Author the Authority of a famous Dictionary-maker againſt the Latinity of the expreſſion *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together.

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Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted Ideas of Logick; as for Crambe, he contented himself with the Words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that All men were not *singular*; that Individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man *is* not the same he *was*; that madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality *. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe), it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the

* "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would, at different times, make different persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the madman for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man for what the madman did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in *English*, when they say such an one *is not himself*, or *is beside himself*." *Locke's Essay on Human Understand.* B. ii. c. 27.

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leaſt pariſh office, yet he might ſtill keep his Stall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images. Thus, calling up the Coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? the man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a ſtage about four o'clock, and the Serjeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, "*ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; "Serjeant and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, "*actio et paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; ſtage, *ubi*; two o'clock, "*quando*; blue and red Breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a Logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural Philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteriſticks of Relations. Crambe uſed to help him out, by telling him, a Cuckold, a loſing Gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the Paternity and Filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was, when they came to the Tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

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Martin ſuppoſed an *Univerſal Man* to be like a Knight of a Shire or a Burgeſs of a Corporation, that repreſented a great many Individuals. His father aſked him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his Fur Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a Conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horſe, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor *. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying Raſcal; that an *Univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clyſters a parte Rei*, but *Clyſters* are *univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod* [illegible] *universale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the Advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: In an advertiſement of a Dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus Caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of

* This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay of Hum. Underſt.* concerning *general and abſtract ideas*. But ſerious writers have done that Philoſopher the ſame injuſtice.

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the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Greyhound, of a mouſe-colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a Lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, &c. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a Lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe on Syllogiſms*. He ſuppoſed that a Philoſopher's brain was like a great Foreſt, where Ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds; that thoſe Ideas copulated, and engendered Concluſions; that when thoſe of different Species copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Concluſion. Hence they are called the *præmiſſa*, or Predeceſſors of the Concluſion: and it is properly ſaid by the Logicians, *quod [illegible] ſcientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* ſcience, opinion, &c. Univerſal Propoſitions are Perſons of quality, and therefore in Logick they are ſaid to be of the firſt *Figure*. Singular Propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of Syllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

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III. From the ſingular premiſes follows only a ſingular concluſion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *Individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſes; that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part; that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſes or parents are neceſſarily joined (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the Affirmative Propoſitions; the Negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this ſyſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their premiſes? therefore as an Abſurdity is a *Monſter*, a Falſity is a *Baſtard*; and a

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true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymeme? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymeme (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exerciſe the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father, and his other learned companions of the Sympoſiacks. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that, without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *Theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the Reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the innate Deſire of the knowledge of Metaphyſicks was the cauſe of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed*.

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirmed*.

III. Whether one or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez*.

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed*.

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed*.

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VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible Angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent fly*? *denied.*

VII. If Angels paſs from one extreme to another, without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number; or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned perſon we may have occaſion to treat: and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiæ ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus: Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project to baniſh Metaphyſicks out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method: That nobody ſhould uſe

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any Compound or Decompound of the Subſtantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations; for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Subſtantial Forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor Philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many Wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *Eſſences*, which had retired from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, among the Gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find out a *fourth figure* in *Logick*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Profeſſor

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of Anatomy was demonſtrating to his Son the ſeveral kinds of *Inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you pleaſe (he replied), this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reaſon (anſwered the Profeſſor) affirm that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration (ſaid Cornelius) ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up: Show me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule, in the ſtructure of it. If Nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended it further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian: of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Conſider how Luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them, not improbably, altered the whole courſe of the fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean, are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine that the Microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when

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the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the Profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a Lecture as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened, ſoon after, an unuſual accident which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a Malefactor, he hired a room for its diſſection near the Peſt-fields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a Hackney coach, few Houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of Operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *Creſitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philoſophy could not prevail upon him to return to his poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe (quoth Crambe), no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out, Thieves! but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a ſingle petticoat ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind

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him, and ventured down in this manner one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet, and cried out, Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Juſtice: where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Juſtice firſt examined Crambe—What is your Name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet: they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to Poſterity. —What is yours and your Maſter's profeſſion? "It is "our buſineſs to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut "off the heads, and pull out the hearts of thoſe that "never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and "tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's Confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the body "of this man, I can anſwer each head that my accuſers "alledge againſt me to a hair. They have hitherto "talked like numſculls without brains; but if your "Worſhip will not only give ear, but regard me with "a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the "ſupercilious looks of my adverſaries, who now ſtand "cheek by jowl by your Worſhip. I will prove to "their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened "their lips without a falſity; though they have ſhowed "their teeth as if they would bite off my noſe. Now, "Sir, that I may fairly ſlip my neck out of the collar,

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" I beg this matter may not be ſlightly ſkinned over. " Though I have no man here to back me, I will un- " boſom myſelf, ſince Truth is on my ſide, and ſhall " give them their bellies full, though they think they " have me upon the hip. Whereas they ſay I came " into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this " man without their Privity, I declare I had not the " leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am to ſtand upon my " own legs, nothing of this matter ſhall be left till I " ſet it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I can- " not for my heart's blood and guts bear this uſage: I " ſhall not ſpare my lungs to defend my good name: " I was ever reckoned a good liver; and I think I have " the bowels of compaſſion. I aſk but juſtice, and from " the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot I ſhall " ever acknowledge myſelf your Worſhip's humble " Servant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner, till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the Finiſher of human laws, of whom the Corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. " What Dæmon, he cried, hath " poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never forſake that im- " pertinent cuſtom of punning? Neither my counſel " nor my example have thus miſled thee; thou go- " verneſt thyſelf by moſt erroneous Maxims." Far from it (anſwers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the ſea- ſons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am

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under the dominion of a certain Word; but this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led?* Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Phyſicians and Pulſes fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Aſs are bride-led, an old-married Man and a Pack-horſe ſad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are ſty-led, a Coquette and a Tinder-box are ſpark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious——Which thou art (replied Martin, ſtamping with his foot), which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer——however, compoſing his Countenance, "Come hither (he "cried), there are five pounds, ſeventeen ſhillings and "nine-pence: thou haſt been with me eight months, "three weeks, two days, and four hours." Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his ſalary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth in theſe words:——"O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be "a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O "Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example "was I biaſſed."——Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his Service.

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CHAP. IX.

How Martin became a great Critick.

IT was a moſt peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if applied to their Works, with the ſame *diligence* and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* authors could be ſo ſerved, with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs Field of Glory, would be opened to the true and *abſolute Critick*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton, publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

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CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon Practice of Phyſick, and how he applied himſelf to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the Hiſtory of the Progreſs of Martinus in the Studies of Phyſick, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many Diſcoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt was his Method of inveſtigating latent Diſtempers, by the ſagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the Adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe Animals, to ſmell them out in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *Liſt of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full-ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the Repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper, which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of Parliament, intitled, *A Propoſal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid Bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of Conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a Twelvemonth's courſe of Vomition), he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Paſſions*; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, etc. he caſt them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear, Joy, Grief, etc. And indeed the great irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh

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Nation, was the chief Motive that indueed him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *Anatomy*. He conſidered *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural formation and ſtructure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies becauſe it has Wings, a Duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles * in Lions and Tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual Immorality of thoſe Animals.

1*ſt*, He obſerved, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that Paſſion, you will in time abate the Paſſion itſelf, in like manner as Caſtration abates Luſt.

2*dly*, That the Soul in mankind expreſſeth every Paſſion by the Motion of ſome particular *Muſcles*.

3*dly*, That all Muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual Paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the Muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that Paſſion.

4*thly*, That a muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its Antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice,

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

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That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latin rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved that complaiſant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the Extenſors of the Neck and the Muſcles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the Title of *ſtiff-necked*: In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of Muſcles called *Recti interni*, the Maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their Antagoniſts, the *Spleni Complexi*, and the Extenſors of the Spine weakened: For which purpoſe Nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this Muſcular Immorality by tying ſuch fellows *Neck and Heels*.

Contrary to this, [illegible] of Mothers who aboliſh the natural Signature of Modeſty in their Daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping* and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *Poſture of the Head* of ſuch as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muſcles ſo ſtrong that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure be corrected by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his

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obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores Scapulæ:* This Muſcle is called the Muſcle of *Patience*, becauſe in that affection of Mind people ſhrug and raiſe up their ſhoulders to the tip of the ear. This Muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *Henpecked Huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh Miniſters*.

In purſuance of this Theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *Eye-lids* muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Noſe*, were too ſtrong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Noſe*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the Paſſion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, [illegible] ſo many Muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *Laughter:* When any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of Muſcles theſe laughing Raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the Diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremu-

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lous ſuccuſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and give ſuch Patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The Caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, with the Doctor's Preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent Inſtance of Martinus's Sagacity in diſcovering the Diſtempers of the Mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none, but Flatterers, Poets, and Pickpockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *Love*.

His friends aſſured him that they had with great care obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be?" (ſaid his Aunt, who came to aſk the advice,) "when he converſes al-"moſt with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed people do not enough attend this diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame

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cure with the other: especially since here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover, from their very youth, a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such Mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps, in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet-doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord! Sir (quoth the Aunt), "the house is haunted with them."——There it is (replied Scriblerus); those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my Nephew is "not awkward."——Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him; in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies so——Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt.——Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the Aunt.——Whom does he write letters to? Himself.——Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.——Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass.——Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he

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paſſes by.——Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.——Have you obſerved him to uſe Familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he "often embraces himſelf with folded arms, he claps "his hand often upon his hip, nay ſometimes thruſts "it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any Love-toys; ſuch as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo (ſaid "the Aunt), but he bought the other day a very fine "brilliant diamond Ring for his own wearing."——Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe.—— Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar "appellation makes him angry; if you ſhake him a "little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if "you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a "box on the ear."——Then the caſe is plain: he has the true Pathognomick ſign of Love, *Jealouſy*; for nobody will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret Intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this Patient has not the leaſt care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. How-

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ever, let the following methods be tried upon him.

Firſt, let him *** *Hiatus.* *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, ſhun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-ſcoute. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-caſes (and particularly the Diamond-ring), which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile Qualities of this Miſtreſs of his: Let him be ſhown that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if Treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a Miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee that no mortal beſides himſelf either loves, or can ſuffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glaſſes, poliſhed Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting womanlike behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurprize the Beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling Animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a-week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the Letters, Dedications, etc. aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved, by Lucretius and others, to

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be a powerful remedy in the caſe of Women. If all this will not do, I muſt e'en leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the Fate of moſt violent Self-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the Seat of the Soul, and of his Correſpondence with the Free-Thinkers.

IN this Deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the Diſeaſes of the Mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, ſometimes in the Stomach, and ſometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral Offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this Hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform ſeveral Operations by her little Miniſters, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Profeſſions. Thus, in Epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philoſophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues,

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Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, diſſecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different Tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people, he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the Soul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that Calves and Philoſophers, Tygers and Stateſmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-ſparrows and Coquettes, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe Enquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the Society of *Free Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquiſitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS; *the Society of* Free-Thinkers *greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive Genius, and we think it great pity that

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it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly called the *Soul:* Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the Reſidence of ſuch a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming Philoſophers. Is it not *Demonſtration* to a perſon of your Senſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded Sophiſms of thoſe crackbrained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

* One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of Matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* Quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: So in an Animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roaſting in a Jack) but the reſult of ſeveral Modes or Qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this Animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the Jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, etc. are the ſeveral modes of meat-

* This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on *Collins*'s arguments againſt *Clarke*, to prove the Soul only a Quality.

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roasting. And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does Consciousness, with its several Modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or Disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids, which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of Individual Consciousness must be constantly transflated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the Particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the Particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the Government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding

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the flux ſtate of the Particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now, ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of Conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings both before and after the darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings; and yet after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in a Houſe of Commons, all things are determined by a *Majority*, ſo it is in every Animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking Members, compoſe one thinking Syſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that Puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewiſe a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the Brain, the ſeveral Modes of thinking. It is well known

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to Anatomiſts that the Brain is a *Congeries* of Glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the Spirits in thoſe Canals, proceed all the different ſorts of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one ſimple Canal: when two of theſe Canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a Propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional Channels empty themſelves into a third, they form a Syllogiſm, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe Glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical Canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our Hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chemical liquor reſembling blood, is driven through elaſtick channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: and we are perſuaded that this our artificial Man will not

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only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your Country-Parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter, we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his Maſter by no means to enter into their Society, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Seceſſion of Martinus, and ſome Hint of his Travels.

IT was in the year 1699, that Martin ſet out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt Voyage he was carried by a proſperous Storm, to a Diſcovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* Empire.

That in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhipwrecked on the Land of the *Giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he diſcovered a whole Kingdom of *Philoſophers*, who govern by the *Mathema-*

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ticks; with whoſe admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Miniſters of *Queen Anne*, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he diſcovers a Vein of Melancholy, proceeding almoſt to a Diſguſt of his Species; but, above all, a mortal Deteſtation to the whole flagitious Race of *Miniſters*, and a final Reſolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to ſubject the Lands he diſcovered to the *Crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by theſe hints, the Reader can help himſelf to a farther diſcovery of the Nature and Contents of theſe Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary Voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary Nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a Philoſopher, a Politician, and a Legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain* of a *Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that ſhall farther obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *Love* of *Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard* to *Truth*, that *Paſſion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princeſs Queen *Anne*; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible ſigns and characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus* *.

* *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt intended as a part of Scribleruş's Memoirs.

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CHAP. XIV.

Of the Diſcoveries and Works of the Great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our firſt Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs Field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the Earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet may'ſt owe, to this excellent Perſon, this Prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The Philoſopher of Ultimate Cauſes*, ſince by a Sagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered Effects in their very Cauſe: and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Obſervations, hath been the Inventor of moſt of the modern Syſtems and Hypotheſes.

He hath enriched Mathematicks with many preciſe and geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *Cauſe* of *Gravity*, and the inteſtine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations on the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and ſometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in reſolving the grand Phænomena of Nature.

He it was, that firſt found out the *Palpability* of *Colours*; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could diſtin-

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guiſh the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of diſcovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Veſſels*, and of increaſing the *Trade Wind* by vaſt plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his Philoſophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A complete Digeſt of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Univerſe, according to the Epicurean Hypotheſis.

3. An inveſtigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecifick gravity of ſolid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical Obſervations of the Figure and Bulk of the conſtituent Parts of all Fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A Method to apply the Force ariſing from the immenſe Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is ſubjoined a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, conſidering that they paſs a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonſtration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over thoſe of the Moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them.

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With a Propoſal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingeſta* and *Egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the univerſal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The firſt was a Propoſal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian* with immenſe Light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Phyſick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the Perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a Patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern Phyſicians, to cure their

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Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menſtruum to diſſolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Univerſal Deluge Water*. His alſo was the device to relieve Conſumptive or Aſthmatick perſons by bringing freſh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable intromiſſion of ſuch Steams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that from the *picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *Life*, and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe Studies, as to neglect the polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Muſick, Poetry, etc. It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeneſs* of their Portraits by the uſe of ſuch *Colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry, or conveniency, as with a Thought, well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Muſick*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar caſt, for the moſt part Ironical, and the Drift of them often ſo delicate and refined, as to be miſtaken by the vulgar.

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He once went ſo far as to write a Perſuaſive to people to eat their own Children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written againſt *Liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of the Meaſures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praiſe of *Corruption* under thoſe of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a Boghouſe near *St. James*'s. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the Miniſterial writers, which make at preſent the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other in which oſtentation had no part. With what incredible Modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to Friends, Projects to firſt Miniſters, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true Author, in the courſe of theſe Memoirs. I may venture to ſay they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe, who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries*, to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent Paſſion at the appearance of this Work, as Perſons moſt certainly involved in the Guilt.

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject.

The End of the Firſt Book.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

OF THE ART OF

SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the ſubject of my concern and ſurpriſe, that whereas numberleſs Poets, Criticks, and Orators, have compiled and digeſted the Art of ancient Poeſy, there hath not ariſen among us one perſon ſo publick-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every way induſtrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their Writings, and in the Velocity of their Judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid Ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our βάθος, or Profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make uſe of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing Geniuſes of this age are wandering (as I may ſay) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poeſy!

When I conſider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our Lowlands of Parnaſ-

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ſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurpriſe: The one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular Syſtem of Laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual Decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we have now an unqueſtionable Majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to ſupply our former defect, I propoſe to collect the ſcattered rules of our Art into regular Inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep Geniuſes of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors the Maſter of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great Criticks; ſince their Laws (though they might be good) have ever been ſlackly executed, and their Precepts (however ſtrict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time, I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt, and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they

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enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars) though it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into Their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods is part of the deſign of this Treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee, in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt Adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally neceſſary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed, when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profound, is the natural Taſte of Man, and, in particular, of the preſent Age.

THE Taſte of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to

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reliſh the ſublime. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved how faſt the general Taſte is returning to this firſt Simplicity and Innocence: and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profound ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity.

'Tis a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh Guſto, whom, after all, it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe, and it is ſtill more chimerical to write for Poſterity, of whoſe Taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed our wiſer authors have a preſent end.

Et prodeſſe volunt et delectare Poëtæ.

Their true deſign is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, it is neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtering pleaſure to the Reader: From whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* Taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Reliſh in Poetry, but are in this one Taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an Art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good Poets as bad ones.

Nevertheleſs, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Geniuſes

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of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe Princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The Neceſſity of the Bathos phyſically conſidered.

FARTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch Authors, as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome Poetical evacuation, and, no queſtion, was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur Poëtæ*. Therefore is the Deſire of Writing properly termed *Pruritus*, the "Ti-"tillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain," and the Perſon is ſaid to conceive; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of

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untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt Poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the State. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in Summer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condenſed by the Winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and againſt the Miniſtry: nay I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a Miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good ſubjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the ſingle authority of Horace*? Why ſhould the golden Mean, and quinteſſence of all Virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this Art? or Coolneſs or Mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a Man, and ſo deteſtable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe Writers with thoſe great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh Author calls it) an "Alacrity of ſinking;" and who by ſtrength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Neceſſity of Rules to theſe leſſer Geniuſes, as well as the Uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

* ——— *Mediocribus eſſe poëtis*
Non dii, non homines, &c. Hor.

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CHAP. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profound.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making Dikes, as in raiſing Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his ſight, and furniſhing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we ſearch the Authors of Antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true Profound, as in the true Sublime. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos, a Genius is requiſite; yet the Rules of Art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongſt the loweſt of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmoſphere; to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk, unleſs he calls in Art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the Bathos as with ſmall Beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

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The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c. The Profound of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treaſures of the Deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as Corn, Flowers, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the mere uſe of Man, are of mean price, and ſo common, as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a ſolution, why Common Senſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern Criticks and Authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true Genius for the Profound, and by what it is conſtituted.

And I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art, that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent Foe to Wit, and Deſtroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Senſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a Groteſque Painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by heads or tails, as it ſhall pleaſe his

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imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurpriſe by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surpriſing*; our author ſhall produce the Credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity; and the Surpriſing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern Plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and, at the ſame time, form a complete body of *modern Ethicks and Morality*.

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and Magicians on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight; which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object,

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to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the ſky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue luteſtring, or a child's mantle.

* "The ſkies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have
" room,
" Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
" The new born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
" And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt."

If he looks upon a Tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a tumbled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

† "The Ocean joy'd to ſee the tempeſt fled,
" New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed."

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Univerſe, preſent to his imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

‡ "Glorious illuminations, made on high
" By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,
" In juſt degrees, and ſhining order plac'd,
" Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt dwelling grac'd.

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42. † P. 14. ‡ P. 50.

N. B. In order to do Juſtice to theſe great Poets, our Citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct Editions of their Works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition reviſed.

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" Thro' all th' enlighten'd [illegible] swift fire-works flew,
" Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.
" Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
" Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.
" In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
" Which from th' eternal battlements were flung."

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who was smit with the love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

* " Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,
" Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
" And guide us through the mists of providence,
" In which we stray."

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

† " Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,
" A Phœnix couch'd upon her sun'ral nest."

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

First he is a PAINTER.

‡ " Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,
" Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where

* A. Phillips on the death of Queen Mary. † Anon.
‡ Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.

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" His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
" Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the ſight."

Now he is a CHEMIST.

* " Th' Almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,
" Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
" Digeſts his lightning, and diſtils his rain."

Now he is a WRESTLER.

† " Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
" And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
" That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
" Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd."

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

‡ " For clouds, the ſun-beams levy freſh ſupplies,
" And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
" Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies."

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

¶ " In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
" And to maintain them, God was Guarantee."

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

‖ " Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
" And terrible decrees againſt me writes.
" God will not be my advocate,
" My cauſe to manage or debate."

In the following Lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

§ " Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,
" Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air."

* Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 263. † Page 75. ‡ Page 170.
¶ Page 70. ‖ Page 61. § Page 181.

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Then a FULLER.

* " ——th' exhaling reeks, that ſecret riſe,
" Borne on rebounding ſun-beams thro' the ſkies,
" Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they
" grow
" A heav'nly fleece."

A MERCER, *or* PACKER.

† " Did'ſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
" And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;
" Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand un-
" roll'd?"

A BUTLER.

‡ " He meaſures all the drops with wond'rous ſkill,
" Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill."

And a BAKER.

‖ " God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,
" And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread."

CHAP. VI.

Of the ſeveral Kinds of Geniuſes in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius

* Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 18. † Page 174. ‡ Page 131.
‖ Blackm. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

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of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have with felicity copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And ſeldom are we without geniuſes for *Still-life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal Genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius which made Germanicus ſo great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the Bathos.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious Geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

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1. The *Flying Fiſhes:* Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Oſtriches* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very faſt*. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another*'s words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didapper's* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoiſes* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq. T. D. Gent.

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8. The *Eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered ſhell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *Characteriſticks* of the *Bathos*: and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our iſland.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Profund, when it conſiſts in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiarizing his mind to the loweſt objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Converſation will greatly contribute. There is no queſtion but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be diſcerned in the compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The Phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

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This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalneſs or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the moſt elaborate low Expreſſion. It can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But 'tis the Thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

* "She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchleſs
"dame!
"To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
"Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
"And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns."

What can be more eaſy and unaffected than the Diction of theſe verſes? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and ſurpriſe us. And when the ſame lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper.

† "Venus beheld her, 'midſt her crowd of ſlaves,
"And thought herſelf juſt riſen from the waves."

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chace, who (ſaith the Poet)

"Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
"And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore."

* Anon. † Idem.

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So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itſelf;

* " None but Himſelf can be his Parallel."

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the Thought of that Maſter of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

" This is the greateſt Elephant in the world, except
" Himſelf."

However, our next inſtance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful Infant,

" So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
" A child, as Poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
" Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
" Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
" There all the lightnings of thy Mother ſhine,
" And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine."

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and laſtly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a Poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of Criticks,

" Thus Phœbus thro' the Zodiack takes his way,
" And amid Monſters riſes into day."

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations:

* Theobald, Double Falſhood.

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In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals; much more might it be pleaded that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring geniuſes, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Profund, conſiſting in the Circumſtances, and of Amplification and Periphraſe in general.

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The circumſtances which are moſt natural are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar. But thoſe that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurpriſe prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but, above all, preſerve a laudable *Prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For choice and diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently of the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

When Job ſays in ſhort, "He waſhed his feet in "butter," (a circumſtance ſome Poets would have ſoftened, or paſſed over) now hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great Genius.

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* "With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
"Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
"Their painful burden to unload did meet,
"That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet."

How cautious! and particular! He had (ſays our author) ſo many herds, which herds thrived ſo well, and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might have waſhed his feet in it.

The enſuing deſcription of Hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances:

† "In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
"Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls;
"The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
"Some *deeply red* and others *faintly blue*."

Could the moſt minute Dutch-painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

‡ "His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,
"And *knots* of *ſcarlet ribband* deck his mane."

Of certain Cudgel-players:

‖ "They brandiſh high in air their threat'ning ſtaves,
"Their hands a *woven guard* of *ozier* ſaves,
"In which they fix their *hazle weapon's end*."

Who would not think the Poet had paſt his whole life at Wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel!

* Blackm. Job, p. 133. † Pr. Arth. p. 89. ‡ Anon.
‖ Pr. Arth. p. 167.

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Periphraſe is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffuſe circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the Reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is that the Author can poſſibly mean, and a ſtrange ſurpriſe when he finds it.

The Poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure:

* "A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great crowd*.

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

† "Nature's confectioner,
"Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchemy:
"The ſtill of his refining mold
"Minting the garden into gold."

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

‡ "Little Syren of the ſtage,
"Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
"Wanton gale of fond deſire,
"Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell."

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſung finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the moſt of a Thought; it is the Spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and ſpreads it in the fineſt thread.

* Job, p. 78. † Cleveland. ‡ A. Philips to Cuzzona.

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There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin Thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt Romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the ſize of a primmer.

In the book of Job are theſe words: "Haſt thou "commanded the morning, and cauſed the day-ſpring "to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated Amplifier of our age?

* "Canſt thou ſet forth th' etherial *mines* on high,
"Which the refulgent *ore* of light ſupply?
"Is the celeſtial furnace to thee known,
"In which I *melt* the golden metal down?
"Treaſures, from whence I deal out light as faſt,
"As all my ſtars and laviſh ſons can waſte."

The ſame Author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. "He touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

† "The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their flight
"Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
"The woods, with terror wing'd, outfly the wind,
"And leave the heavy, panting hills behind."

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faſter: After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

* Job, p. 108. † P. 267.

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CHAP. IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of imitating.

THAT the true Authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E——n of Blackmore? Therefore, when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great Author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion: How would Sir Richard have ſaid this? Do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr. Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our Proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime:* Yet is not this a paradox? As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our Author read Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious circumſtance or Periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe Figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next Chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a paſſage in all Virgil

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more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favillâ,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit.
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh Reader, and ſuch of our Writers as underſtand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh Poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colick*.

* "Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
"Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
"Blown up to rage; and, *roaring out*, complain
"As torn with inward *gripes*, and tort'ring pain:
"Lab'ring, they caſt their *dreadful vomit* round,
"And with their *melted bowels* ſpread the ground."

Horace, in ſearch of the Sublime, ſtruck his head againſt the Stars †; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is when we force to our own purpoſes the thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the Imperfections or Blemiſhes of celebrated Authors. I have ſeen a Play profeſſedly writ in the ſtyle of Shakeſpear; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line;

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75. † *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

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" And ſo good morrow t'ye, good Maſter Lieutenant."

And ſundry Poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *eremits*, diſdained was *'ſdained*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *empriſe*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and there was *thir*, through the whole Poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern Poet could read, to any purpoſe, the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpear.

It may be expected, that, like other Criticks, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *Paſſions:* But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind* (and ſure it is a better deſign to promote *ſleep* than madneſs), we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and the *Opiates* of Poeſy, of the Cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods uſed by our Authors in managing the Paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *Cool*, as the uſe of *Wit* in expreſſing paſſion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *ſimilies* on ſuch occaſions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt Authors have avoided throwing themſelves or their Readers into any indecent tranſports.

But as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the polemick way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from low life, where they obſerved, that to move Anger, uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move Love, of

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bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendſhip, of groſs flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a ſilly paſſion, of which as our Authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And firſt of the variegating, confounding, and rēverſing Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our Authors the ſtudy of the *Abuſe of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful Caſt of Head which diſtinguiſhes all Writers of this kind; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch Figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Claſſes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reverſing Tropes and Figures.
II. The Magnifying, and
III. The Diminiſhing.

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman Names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are

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wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother-tongue.

I. Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the Beard,
Shave the Graſs,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind as to the eye, when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inverſion of Cauſes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, &c.

" Lac'd in her * Coſins new appear'd the bride,
" A † Bubble-boy and ‡ Tompion at her ſide,
" And with an air divine her § Colmar ply'd:
" Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
" Here a bright Redcoat, there a ſmart || Toupee."

The SYNECHDOCHE,

which conſiſts, in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes Pretty-*face* and

* Stays. † Tweezer-caſe. ‡ Watch. § Fan.
|| A ſort of Perriwig: All words in uſe in this preſent Year 1727.

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Pigs-*eyes*, and ſometimes Snotty-*noſe* and Draggle-*tail*. Or of Accidents for Perſons; as a Lawyer is called Split-cauſe, a Taylor Prick-louſe, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himſelf; as a *Sword*-man, a *Gown*-man, a *T-m-T-d*-man: a White-*ſtaff*, a Turn-*key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What ſhall "I ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay: or, "I can "no more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle Reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The METAPHOR.

The firſt Rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſink the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the Thunder of Heaven, ſay,

* "The *Lords above* are *angry* and *talk big*."

If you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus,

† "Tho' he (as ſaid) may Riches *gorge*, the Spoil
"Painful in *maſſy Vomit* ſhall *recoil*,
"Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
"Like his own *Ordure*, caſt with ſcorn away."

The Second, that, whenever you ſtart a Metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as it can go. If you get the ſcent of a State negociation, follow it in this manner:

‡ "The ſtones and all the elements with thee
"Shall *ratify* a ſtrict *confederacy*;

* Lee, Alex. † Blackm. Job, p. 91. 93. ‡ Job, p. 22.

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" Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
" And for a firm *alliance* with thee *treat*;
" The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
" Shall ſend a *ſcaly embaſſy* for peace;
" His *plighted faith* the Crocodile ſhall keep,
" And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep."

Or, if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

* " *Envoys* and *Agents*, who by my command
" Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
" To whom *commiſſions* I have given,
" To manage there the *intereſts* of Heaven:
" Ye *holy heralds*, who *proclaim*
" Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name;
" Ye *pioneers* of Heaven, prepare a *road*,
" Make it plain, direct, and broad;
" For I *in perſon* will my people *head*;
" For the divine Deliverer
" Will *on his march* in majeſty appear,
" And needs the aid of no *confed'rate power*."

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe: Thus an ingenious artiſt painting the Spring talks of a *ſnow of bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this ſort is the following:

† " The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,
" Whoſe livid flaſhes ſickning ſun-beams drown."

* Blackm. Iſa. c. xl. † Pr. Arthur, p. 37.

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What a noble Confuſion? clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

* "Thy head ſhall riſe, tho' buried in the duſt,
"And 'midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt."

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

† "Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,
"To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand."

Quære, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood; and of what ſize they were? Add alſo to the *Jargon* ſuch as the following:

‡ "Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,
"And Deſolation lie for ever waſte."

§ "Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,
"And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone."

But, for Variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. The PARONOMASIA, or PUN,

where a Word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: As this of Mr. Dennis ‖,

"Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they *fly*."

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted ¶,

"Behold the Virgin lie
"Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *Sky*."

* Job, p. 107. † Pr. Arthur, p. 157. ‡ Job, p. 89.
§ T. Cook's Poems. ‖ Poems, 1663, p. 13.
¶ Welſted's Poems, Aeon and Lavin.

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To which thou may'ſt add,

" To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
" She has the whole Horizon for her hoop."

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby Contraries and Oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a Reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe, on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her clothes.

* " While the kind nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
" Becomes *unhandſome*, *handſomely* to 'ſcape."

On the Maids of Honour in mourning.

† " Sadly they charm, and diſmally they pleaſe."

‡ " His eyes ſo bright
" Let in the object, and let out the light."

§ " The Gods look pale, to ſee us look ſo red."

‖ " The Fairies and their Queen
" In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green."

¶ " All nature felt a reverential ſhock,
" The ſea ſtood ſtill to ſee the mountains rock."

* Waller. † Steel on Queen Mary. ‡ Quarles.
§ Lee, Alex. ‖ Phil. Paſt. ¶ Blackm. Job, p. 176.

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CHAP. XI.

The Figures continued: Of the Magnifying and Diminiſhing Figures.

A GENUINE Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: His Thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered that Darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the Profund; or if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be as Milton expreſſes it,

"No light, but rather darkneſs viſible."

The chief Figure of this ſort is,

1. The HYPERBOLE, or IMPOSSIBLE.

For Inſtance, of a Lion.

* "He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,
"His very ſhadow durſt not follow him."

Of a Lady at Dinner.

"The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
"Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black."

Of the Same.

† "The obſcureneſs of her birth
"Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
"Which make her all one light."

Of a Bull-baiting.

‡ "Up to the ſtars the ſprawling maſtives fly,
"And add new monſters to the frighted ſky."

* Vet. Aut. † Theob. Double Falſehood. ‡ Blackm.

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Of a Scene of Misery.

* " Behold a scene of misery and woe!
" Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
" Ev'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands
" To wipe those hundred eyes."

And that modest request of two absent lovers.

" Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
" And make two lovers happy."

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

† " I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
" For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
" While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
" That even humble seems a term too high."

III. The Third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the Extent of the British Arms.

‡ " Under the Tropicks is our language spoke,
" And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke."

On a Warrior.

‖ " And thou, Dalhousy, the great God of War,
" Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar."

* Anon. † Idem. ‡ Wall. ‖ Anon.

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On the Valour of the Engliſh.

* " Nor *Art* nor *Nature* has the force
" To ſtop its ſteady courſe,
" Nor *Alps* nor *Pyrenæans* keep it out,
" Nor fortify'd Redoubt."

At other times this Figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle Reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurpriſingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous. A ſurpriſe reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the Pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea.

† " His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
" And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
" Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
" Does like *one Pot of boiling Ointment ſeem.*
" Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
" Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
" That all the waters of the deep appear
" *Hoary* – with age, or *grey* with ſudden fear."

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing:

‡ " Now the refiſted flames and fiery ſtore,
" By winds aſſaulted, in wild forges roar,
" And raging ſeas flow down of melted Ore.
" Sometimes they hear long *Iron Bars remov'd,*
" And *to* and *fro* huge *Heaps of Cinders ſhov'd.*"

* Denn. on Namur.
† Blackm. Job, p. 197.
‡ Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

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2. The VULGAR

is alſo a Species of the *Diminiſhing:* By this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

* " The mighty *Stuffa* threw a maſſy ſpear,
" Which, with its *Errand pleas'd, ſung* thro' the air."

A Man raging with Grief to a Maſtiff Dog.

† " I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,
" Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw."

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity:

" *Diſtended* with the *Waters* in 'em pent,
" The clouds *hang deep* in air, but *hang unrent.*"

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt Maſter in this way: Hear how he fondles, like a mere ſtammerer.

‡ " *Little Charm* of placid mien,
" *Miniature* of Beauty's Queen,
" Hither, Britiſh Muſe *of mine,*
" Hither, all ye *Grecian Nine,*
" With the lovely Graces *Three,*
" And your *pretty Nurſeling* ſee.

" When the meadows next are ſeen,
" Sweet enamel, white and green,
" When again the *lambkins* play,
" *Pretty Sportlings* full of *May.*

* Pr. Arthur. † Job, p. 41. ‡ Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona.

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" Then the neck ſo white and round,
" (*Little Neck* with brilliants bound)
" And thy *Gentleneſs* of mind,
" (*Gentle* from a *gentle* kind), &c.
" *Happy* thrice, and *thrice agen*,
" *Happieſt* he of *happy* men," &c.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent Lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

* " Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep."

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death:

† " That ever ſhe *could* die! Oh moſt *unkind!*
" To die, and leave poor *Colinet* behind!
" And yet—Why blame I her?—"

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts, at their own deaths:

‡ " Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
" With looks caſt down, and with diſhevell'd hair,
" In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
" Her death untimely, *as it were your own.*"

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame Author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances:

§ " Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
" (Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)"

‖ " To the grave Senate ſhe could counſel give,
" (Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive.)"

* Philips's Paſtorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid.
‖ Phil. on Q. Mary.

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* "He whom loud cannon could not terrify.
"Falls (from the grandeur of his Majeſty.)"

† "Happy, merry as a king,
"*Sipping* dew, you *ſip* and ſing."
"The *Noiſe* returning with returning *Light*,

What did it?

‡ "Diſpers'd the *Silence*, and diſpell'd the *Night*."

You eaſily perceive the Nothingneſs of every ſecond Verſe.

§ "The glories of proud *London* to ſurvey,
"The ſun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day."

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many Authors.

"Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
"The running current, and odorous fragrance
"Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs."

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

‖ "All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,
"And his ſon's ſons till there ſhall be no more."

"The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,
"The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame,
"While wretched we remember'd thee,
¶ "O Sion! Sion! lovely name."

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one, nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words and vacuity of ſenſe, being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

* Phil. on Q. Mary. † T. Cook on a Graſhopper.
‡ Anon. § Autor Vet. ‖ T. Cook's Poems. ¶ Ibid.

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* "The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
"The food of armies, and support of wars:
"Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
"Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
"Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
"Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd."

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

† "Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main
"In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse."

‡ "*Divide*—and *part*—the *sever'd* World—*in two*—."

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated and modern Poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of Expression, and the several Sorts of Style of the present Age.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantick and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number; *The sword and pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*.

* Camp. † Tonf. Misc. 12mo, vol. iv. p. 291. 4th Edit.
‡ Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.

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* Sometimes the wrong Caſe: *And who more fit to ſooth the God than thee?* inſtead of *thou*: And rather than ſay, *Thetis ſaw Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things; firſt, in the *Choice* of *low Words*: ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bleſſed with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt Citizen, who had made *Proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my laſt-cited author, who, though otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

† "If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,
"From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee."

‡ "full of days was he;
"Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee."

¶ "The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
"By mighty Jove than e'er was king before."

‖ "That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
"The moſt deſpis'd of all the Gods am I."

§ "Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
"Tho' much more wiſe than I pretend to be."

Or theſe of the ſame hand.

** "I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
"To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs:
"Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
"And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewell."

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. † Idem, p. 11. ‡ Idem, p. 17.
¶ Idem, p. 19. ‖ Idem, p. 34. § Idem, p. 38.
** Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292. fourth Edit.

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Sometimes a ſingle *Word* will vulgariſe a poetical idea; as where a Ship ſet on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

* "And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot Contagion *fry'd*."

And in that deſcription of a World in ruins;

† "Should the whole frame of nature round him
"break,
"He unconcern'd would hear the mighty *Crack*."

So alſo in theſe,

‡ "Beaſt tame and ſavage to the river's brink
"Come, from the fields and wild abodes—*to drink*."

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

¶ "He from the clouds does the *ſweet liquor ſqueeze*,
"That chears the *Foreſt and the Garden* trees."

It is alſo uſeful to employ *Technical Terms*, which eſtrange your ſtyle from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanicks for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his || *Linen* was *finely ſpun*, and *bleached on the happy plains*. § Call an army of Angels, *Angelic Cuiraſſiers*, and, if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtyle them

** "Freſh *Troops* of Pains, and *regimented* Woes."

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already

* Pr. Arth. p. 151. † Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119.
‡ Job, 263. ¶ Id. Job, 264. || Pr. Arth. p. 19.
§ Ibid. p. 339. ** Job, p. 86.

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treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles, we ſhall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

1. The FLORID Style,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *Loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind preſents you with the following Poſie:

* "The groves appear all dreſs'd with wreaths of
"flowers,
"And from their leaves drop aromatick ſhowers,
"Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtick twines above,
"Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand
"kiſſes,
"As if the willing branches ſtrove
"To beautify and ſhade the grove,"—

(which indeed moſt branches do.) But this is ſtill excelled by our Laureat,

† "Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
"And ſhoot and ſpread, and bleſſom into love.
"The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
"And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
"The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
"And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh."

Hear alſo our Homer.

‡ "His *Robe of State* is form'd of light refin'd,
"An endleſs *Train* of luſtre *ſpreads behind*.

* Behn's Poems, p. 2.
† Guardian, 12mo. 127.
‡ Blackm. Pſ. civ.

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" His throne's of bright *compacted Glory* made,
" With *Pearl* celeſtial, and with Gems *inlaid:*
" Whence *Floods* of joy, and *Seas* of ſplendor flow,
" On all th' angelic gazing throng below."

2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied: In-Verſe Mr. *Cibber*'s *Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taſte of the Times* the works of the *Ancients*. This we rightly phraſe *Doing* them into Engliſh, and *Making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-houſe Politician, Joſephus like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or Mr. Aſgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipſnap, and honeſt Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the Sun in a Mourning-coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

* " See *Phœbus* now, as once for *Phaeton*,
" Has maſk'd his face, and put *deep Mourning on:*

* Amb. Philips.

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" Dark clouds his *ſable Chariot* do ſurround,
" And the *dull Steeds ſtalk o'er* the *melancholy round.*"

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

* " While rich *Burgundian* wine, and bright *Cham-*
" paign,
" Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main."

(whence we alſo learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

† " He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,
" Where he his *liquid Regiments* does keep,
" Thither the waves *file off*; and make their way,
" To form the *mighty body* of the ſea;
" Where they *encamp*, and in their *ſtation ſtand*,
" *Entrench'd* in *Works* of *Rock*, and *Lines* of Sand."

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

‡ " Yon' armies are the *Cards* which both muſt play;
" At leaſt come off a *Saver* if you may:
" *Throw boldly* at the *Sum* the Gods have *ſet*;
" Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes *bet.*"

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent Cuſtoms and beſt Faſhions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of perſons of the *firſt Quality*; and by the encouragement of the *Ladies*, not unſucceſſfully introduced even into the *Drawing-room*. Indeed its incredible Progreſs and Conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great *Seſoſtris*, and are every where

* Pr. Arthur, p. 16. † Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 261.
‡ Lee, Sophon.

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known by the *same Marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say, * * * and * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis*. * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
And *selling of Bargains* and *double Entendre*, and Κιβδήρισμος and Ὀλδφιελδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The Finical Style,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a brook dryed by the Sun.

* "*Won* by the summer's *importuning* ray,
"Th' *eloping* stream did from her channel stray,
"And with *enticing* sun-beams *stole away*."

Of an easy Death.

† "When watchful Death shall on his harvest look,
"And see thee ripe with age, *invite* the hook;
"He'll *gently* cut thy *bending* Stalk, and thee
"*Lay kindly* in the *Grave*, his *Granary*."

Of Trees in a Storm.

‡ "Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
"The tempest *sees* their strength, *and sighs, and* "*passes by*."

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

‖ "The sparkling flames raise water to a *Smile*,
"Yet the *pleas'a* liquor *pines*, and lessens all the "while."

* Blackm. Job, p. 26. † Ibid. p. 23. ‡ Denn.
‖ Anon. Tons. Misc. Part vi. p. 224.

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5. LASTLY, I ſhall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the firſt is the proper engine to depreſs what is high, ſo is the ſecond to raiſe what is baſe and low to a ridiculous Viſibility: When both theſe can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is ſet with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the moſt vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

" For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd
" gate,
" That he may enter?"—

See who is there?

* " Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
" And tell me who comes yonder."—

Shut the Door.

" The wooden guardian of our privacy
" Quick on its axle turn."—

Bring me my Cloaths.

" Bring me what Nature, taylor to the *Bear*,
" To *Man* himſelf deny'd: She gave me cold,
" But would not give me Cloaths."—

* Temp.

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Light the Fire.

" Bring forth ſome remnant of *Promethean* theft,
" Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
" By *Boreas'* rude breath."—

Snuff the Candle.

" Yon' Luminary amputation needs,
" Thus ſhall you ſave its half-extinguiſh'd life."

Open the Letter.

* " Wax! render up thy truſt."—

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

" Apply thine engine to the ſpungy doòr,
" Set *Bacchus* from his glaſſy priſon free,
" And ſtrip white *Ceres* of her nut-brown coat."

CHAP. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen), with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broke open the Abyſſes of this *Great Deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto, I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my Country, by propoſing ſuch a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

* Theob. Double Falſhood.

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As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome-way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other Arts of this Age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: For inſtance, in Clock-making, one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: To this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetorick, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular Trope or Figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in thoſe Gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvellouſly improved by Travelling: Soldiers alſo and Seamen are very happy in the ſame Figure. The *Periphraſis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers: the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old men at their clubs; the *Ellipſis* or Speech by half words of Miniſters and Politicians; the *Apoſiopeſis* of Courtiers; the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whiſperers, and Backbiters; and the *Anadiploſis* of common Criers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, per-

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ſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *Sarcaſm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the Society (as hath been propoſed), a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphoriſt* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Compariſons*, to the *Ironiſt* for his *Sarcaſms*, to the *Apothegmatiſt* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived with all convenient diſpatch, at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Cheſt of Drawers*, conſiſting of three Stories, the higheſt for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *Judicial*. Theſe ſhall be ſubdivided into *Loci* or *Places*, being repoſitories for Matter and Argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into Cells, reſembling thoſe of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Preſs*, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this Cabinet, and how to

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manage all the Regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an Organ.

The Keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *Reverend Prelate* or *Valiant Officer*, of unqueſtionable Loyalty and Affection to every preſent Eſtabliſhment in Church and State; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out* by the *Day*, to ſeveral great Orators in both Houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will alſo accrue to our Society.

CHAP. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyricks, or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Diſhonourable.

NOw of what neceſſity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our Works, as *Speed* and *Diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not, like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking, proportioned to their heavineſs: For it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of Nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the Morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before Night. And of all our Productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyrick*, which are often but the *Praiſe of a Day*, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be

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lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort way to Epick Poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt Importance and Difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of *Panegyrick*. Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by Law, Cuſtom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like thoſe of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great Miniſters, without either private or oeconomical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Poſts*, liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, juſt by paying *Publick Intereſt*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Succeſs*. They have by their Office a right to a ſhare of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; beſides, they are by *Preſcription immemorial* inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own Anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the *Colours of Honourable* and *Diſhonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are, *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

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The first and chief rule is the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a just Debt, may have his injustice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphosed into Prudence; Intemperance into Good-nature and Good-fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism; and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries:* It is certain the less a Man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has?*

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his share in *publick Praise* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly publick-spirited Writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

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CHAP. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epick Poem.

AN Epick Poem, the Criticks agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epick Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a profeſſed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a Poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the Reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any Author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, Hiſtory-book, Romance, or Legend (for inſtance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*), thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long Deſcriptions*: Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe ad-

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ventures: There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an Epick Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leiſure: Be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For thoſe of the Hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the Alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honeſt Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep

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Jupiter in the middle: Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *Spirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe Machines is evident; ſince no Epick Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them; the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct Preſcription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit.—

That is to ſay, *A Poet ſhould never call upon the Gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempeſt*. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of Rain, Lightning, and Thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*, mix your Clouds and Billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Deſcription here and there with a Quickſand. Brew your Tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large quantity of Images and Deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmiſh*. Seaſon it well with *Similies*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town*. If ſuch a Deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil), old

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Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similies* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the moſt ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advife with your *Bookſeller*.

CHAP. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is ſo well taken care of by the preſent *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other Methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here, therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr. Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the moſt undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age ſhall be anceſtors*, and to all *the Succeſſion of our Succeſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings*: And when the inevitable Hand of ſweeping Time ſhall have bruſhed off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Teſtimony of a *Cotemporary Critick* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

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Yet, if to ſo wiſe an adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greateſt Criticks and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a Project ſigned with their names, and dated the ſecond of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the Reader with the Subſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, That the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Muſick* be added to them as an *Orcheſtra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted into Partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious Building be erected at the publick expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* Spectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of Children and Nurſes to the Audience, ſince the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two Houſes of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who ſhall all have their Places frank.

3. If *Weſtminſter-Hall* be not allotted to this ſervice (which by reaſon of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, ſeems not altogether improper), it is left to the wiſdom of the Nation whether *Somerſet-Houſe* may not be demoliſhed, and a Theatre built upon that Side, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surry*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all Projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readieſt manner convey

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thoſe eminent Perſonages from Courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by Curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to ſee their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before in the publick Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Criticks* and *Poets*; out of whom *Six* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the Society, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureate for the time being may be always one. The Head or Preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt ancient *Poet* and *Critick* to be found in the whole Iſland.

5. The *Male-Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid Quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *Actreſſes* are to make their beds, and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *Library*, to conſiſt of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *Council of Six* to ſit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* ſhall determine the Diſpute; and if it ſhould happen that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the Preſident ſhall have a *caſting Voice*, unleſs where the Contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *Single Combat*.

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7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the Theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſick, they may give *Signs* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of Diſlike or Approbation. In conſequence of theſe Signs the whole Audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *biſs*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *Council of Six* by ſome particular Habit or Gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actreſſes making away with their Infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the ſaid Actreſſes ſhall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private Gentleman's Son ſhall at the publick expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the Son of a *Poet*; and a greater ſtill for the Son of a *Critick*.

10. If it be diſcovered that any Actreſs is got with Child during the Interludes of any Play wherein ſhe hath a Part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future ſhall commit Murder, except upon the ſtage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be underſtood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *Debt*, it is propoſed that this,

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like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paultry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critick* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or Critick shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

11. The forementioned Scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by Profits arising from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though, from the former course of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed sufficient), the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said Persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint, Diet-drinks, Spitting-pots*, and all other *Necessaries* of *Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any intrusted to the great Officers of State), this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

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CONTENTS

TO THE

ART OF SINKING IN POETRY.

Chap.		Page
I.	Introduction,	137
II.	*That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taſte of Man, and in particular of the preſent Age,*	139
III.	*The Neceſſity of the Bathos, phyſically conſidered,*	141
IV.	*That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund,*	143
V.	*Of the true Genius for the Profund, and by what it is conſtituted,*	144
VI.	*Of the ſeveral Kinds of Genius in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each,*	149
VII.	*Of the Profund, when it conſiſts in the Thought,*	152
VIII.	*Of the Profund, conſiſting in the Circumſtances, and of Amplification and Periphraſe in general,*	155
IX.	*Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating,*	159
X.	*Of Tropes and Figures; and firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing Figures,*	162
XI.	*The Figures continued: Of the magnifying and diminiſhing Figures,*	168
XII.	*Of Expreſſion, and the ſeveral Sorts of Style of the preſent Age,*	174
XIII.	*A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos,*	182
XIV.	*How to make Dedications, Panegyricks, or Satires; and of the Colours of Honourable and Diſhonourable,*	185
XV.	*A Receipt to make an Epick Poem,*	188
XVI.	*A Project for the Advancement of the Stage,*	191

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VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN AENEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque Criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quae ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra Libro ipſi praefigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

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SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI.

I. Ver. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm ———

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm ———

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis, vide lib. ii. ver. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quiſquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*; et procul dubio ſic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

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Non *fidum*. quia Epitheton Achatae notiſſimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput.

Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus—*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet*.

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virûm.

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm*, quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare*?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, Aen. xi. *Illa vel intactae ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat*.

Jam *faeces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri*:

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo——*Faeces facibus* longe praeſtant; quid enim niſi faeces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

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Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus:* Nugae! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis neſcit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen praeclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter obſervatum, ut patet ex Hiſtoricis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*
Error graviſſimus. Corrige,—*ſeptemque Triones.*

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, ô juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *ô juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Aen. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpae:*
Anna! fatebor enim ——

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Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere; *culpas*,
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, *intentique* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo legitur, *ore gemebant*; ſed magis ingenioſe quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in haec verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum.
Eruerint Danaï.

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Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint——

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Manelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quaeque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quaeque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur: multa, quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lacrymare, quam ſolummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſidera ſomnos.
Et jam nox *lumina* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* poſtquam *praecipitantur*, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

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Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojae *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *superûmque* audire *labores*.

Curae noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores exposcit: Ter* enim pro *saepe* usurpatur. *Trojae, superûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Aen. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.——

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit*.

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem *renascentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. VER. 13.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Aedificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti et *repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; solae enim femellae utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent* — Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cavae*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere* — *Inclusi*

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utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *foeta* non convenit maribus, —*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putet? Incredibile prorsus! quamobrem existimo veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussâ, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

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A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

Stradling *verſus* Stiles.

Le Report del Caſe argue en le commen Banke devans touts les Juſtices de meſme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Stiles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, Pyed Horſes, poſt. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

SIR John Swale, of Swale-Hall, in Swale-Dale, caſt by the River Swale, Kt. made his Laſt Will and Teſtament: In which, among other Bequeſts, was this, *viz.* Out of the kind Love and Reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horſes.* The Teſtator had ſix black Horſes, ſix white Horſes, and ſix pyed Horſes. Le recitel del Caſe.

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The Debate therefore was, Whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed Horses by virtue of the said Bequest.

Le Point.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. moy semble que le Pl. recovera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Commonweal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have from time to time been made in favour of Horses.

1st Edward VI. Makes the Transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry VIII. condescend so far as to take care of

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their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own Posterity, than by also taking care of that of their Horses.

And of so great esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be severed. Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of an Horse.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; for when two Extremes, or remotest Ends of

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any thing are deviſed, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.

But the preſent Caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but alſo the very Letter of the Words.

By the Word Black, all the Horſes that are Black are deviſed; by the Word White, are deviſed thoſe that are White; and by the ſame Word, with the Conjunction Copulative, And, between them, the Horſes that are Black and White, that is to ſay, pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice verſa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horſes are deviſed, Pyed Horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch Deviſe; but Black and White Horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the Pl. ſhall have the Pyed Horſes.

Catlyne Serjeant, Moy ſemble al' contrary, The Plaintiff ſhall not have the Pyed Horſes by Intendment; for if by the Deviſe of Black and White Horſes, not only Black and White Horſes, but Horſes of any Colour, between theſe two Extremes, may paſs, then not only Pyed and Grey Horſes, but alſo Red or Bay Horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be abſurd, and againſt Reaſon. And this

Pour le Defend.

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is another strong Argument in Law, *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum*; for Reason is the Life of the Law, nay the Common Law is nothing but Reason: which is to be understood of artificial Perfection and Reason gotten by long Study, and not of Man's natural Reason; for *nemo nascitur artifex*, and legal Reason *est summa ratio*; and therefore if all the Reason that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of England; because by many Successions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore Pyed Horses do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed Horse is not a white Horse, neither is a pyed a black Horse; how then can pyed Horses come under the Words of black and white Horses?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one Thing, in all Devises, Feoffments, and Grants, that certain Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right and the Mother of Justice.

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Le reſte del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in Arreſt of Judgment, that the pyed Horſes were Mares; and thereupon an Inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le Court adviſare vult.

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MEMOIRS OF P. P.

CLERK of this PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatiſe conſiſted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might juſtly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to himſelf:* But, as it can be of very little to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it, as a Taſte of the *true Spirit of Memoir Writers.*

IN the name of the Lord. *Amen.* I P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Pariſh, writeth this Hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Pariſh-clerk; and to that end, it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the Pariſh-clerks of this Land; ſuch I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire *Bret*, did add one bell to the ring of this Pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "That one and the ſame day did give to this our "Church two rare gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laud-

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able voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as the *Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy Chace*; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always ventured to lead the Pſalm next after Maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent Pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that, at the age of ſixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to Ringing; inſomuch that, in a ſhort time, I was acquainted with every ſet of bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an Hat, that was edged with ſilver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained an hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I adminiſtered to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "What man is there, howſoever "dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: Thus was I led into ſin by the

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comelineſs of Suſannah Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame; for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the Juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our Curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Miniſter (who had long looked on Suſannah as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good Maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſannah his preſent wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou mayeſt conceive, O Reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the Prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the Miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou "ſtandeſt before men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr.

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" Juſtice Freeman, the grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the " good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewo- " men her daughters, nay, the great Sir Thomas " Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young maſter " the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be Lord of this " Manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuſes which had crept into the Church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at Church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly, and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water), and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring Clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the Miniſter in cleaner linen.

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Notwithſtanding theſe his publick cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handy-craftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the Prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: He was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And 3dly, I was intruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt be owned that when he ſpeaks as a ſhoe-maker, he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Baſan, of Simon the* Tanner, *etc. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the Apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

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The next chapter relates how he diſcovered a Thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured Agues.

I paſs over many others which inform us of pariſh affairs only, ſuch as of the Succeſſion of Curates; *a liſt of the weekly* Texts; *what* Pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what Children were* born *and* buried: *The laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of Baſtards: neither will I name the Mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: Even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: Let the father who hath made due compoſition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long-expected time arrived, when the Pſalms of King David ſhould be hymned unto the ſame tunes to which he played them upon his harp; (ſo was I informed by my Singing-maſter, a man right cunning in Pſalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the Sol-fa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's Chapel. We had London ſinging-maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto Exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-pariſhioners in this new manner of Worſhip. What tho'

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they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril, as a Sackbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery, and the Church on a Sunday was filled with theſe new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-ſuits *of the Parſon and his Pariſhioners concerning tythes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be completed by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe time theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2 s. and 7 ¼ d. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1 s. ½ d. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, &c.

In the next he laments the diſuſe of Wedding-ſermons, and celebrates the benefits ariſing from thoſe at Funerals, concluding with theſe Words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or boſom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great encomiums, concludes, that, notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never once having furniſhed God's church with a chriſtening.

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We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logick, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; *but how he was again comforted by the reflection,* that, if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with Vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but, above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Use of Texts. Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the first Minister to appoint a preacher before the House of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an Administration, *Who maketh his Ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the Effigies of Dr.

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Sacheverel, *and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with Politicks.*

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any ſeaſon mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of Fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf, that much profit might accrue unto our Pariſh, and even unto the Nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a Weekly Aſſembly of divers worthy men, at the Roſe and Crown Alehouſe, over whom myſelf (though unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the Poſt-Boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves. Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons; Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciſeman; Thomas White, Wheel-wright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed a horſe of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle by the Mother's ſide, had, formerly, been

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ſervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace, the Miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Miniſters at the Viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the Miniſters at London, ſo that even the Biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, ſpake of the ſame to other members of Parliament: who ſpake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a ſudden, from his own life, to a Hiſtory of all the publick Tranſactions of Europe, compiled from the News-papers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt (to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment) that all the Meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been uſually attributed to the E— of O——, D— of O——, Lords H—— and B—, and other great men; do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.*

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpoſe; but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all he could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood was, That he had*

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been taken notice of for ſwallowing Loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white Cur with one Ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf:

O Reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never ſpareth none.

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OF THE

POET LAUREATE.

November 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the same that were practised under the Pontificate of Leo X. the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the Poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia (whether a *shepherd* or *thresher* is not material). "This man (says Jovius) "excited by the fame of the great encouragement given "to Poets at Court, and the high honour in which they "were held, came to the city, bringing with him a "strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some

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" *twenty thouſand of verſes.* All the wits and criticks of " the court flocked about him, delighted to ſee a *clown,* " with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long " hair, ſo top-full of poetry; and at the firſt ſight of " him all agreed he was born to be *Poet Laureate* *. " He had a moſt hearty welcome in an *iſland* of the " river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Rich- " mond), where he was firſt made to *eat* and *drink* " *plentifully,* and *to repeat his verſes to every body.* " Then they adorned him with a new and elegant gar- " land, compoſed of *vine leaves, laurel,* and *braſſica* " (a ſort of cabbage) ſo compoſed, ſays my author, em- " blematically, *Ut tam falſe quam lepide ejus temulentia,* " *braſſicae remedio cohibenda, notaretur.* He was then " ſaluted by common conſent with the title of *archi-* " *poëta,* or *arch-poet,* in the ſtyle of thoſe days, in " ours, *Poet Laureate.* This honour the poor man re- " ceived with the moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy; " his eyes drunk with tears and gladneſs †. Next, the " publick acclamation was expreſſed in a *canticle,* which " is tranſmitted to us, as follows:

Salve, braſſicea virens corona,
Et ſauro, archipoëta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, archpoet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the Prince's ear.

" From hence he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* " of Rome, mounted on an *elephant,* through the " ſhouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended."

* Apulus praepingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus feſta laurea videretur.

† Menantibus prae gaudio oculis.

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The hiſtorian tells us further, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verſes innumerable, like a torrent, *but alſo ſung* them with "*open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* introduced, or on "*ſtated* days (like our Laureates), but made a *companion* "to his *maſter*, and entertained as one of the inſtruments of his *moſt elegant pleaſures*. When the prince "was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half* eaten his meat, "he gave with his own hands the reſt to the poet. "When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's "own flaggon, inſomuch (ſays the hiſtorian) that, "through ſo great good eating and drinking, he "contracted a moſt terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curioſity unſatisfied in the cataſtrophe of this extraordinary man. To uſe my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatiſque poëtis, &c.* "When Leo died, and poets were no more," (for I would not underſtand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppreſſed with *old age* and *want*, he miſerably periſhed in a *common hoſpital*.

We ſee from this ſad concluſion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a ſurer ſupport than the *temporary*, or, at beſt, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtleſs for this conſideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *ſettle it upon him for life*. And it

* Semeſis opſoniis.

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hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the ſtation of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been choſen, though never ſo much greater Geniuſes might ariſe in his time. A noble inſtance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the firſt place, the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as eſſential to the honour, as the *butt of ſack* to the ſalary.

Secondly, the *braſſica* muſt be made uſe of as a qualifier of the former. It ſeems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenneſs*; a power the French now aſcribe to the onion, and ſtyle a ſoup made of it, *Soupe d'Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *braſſica*, if Mr. DENNIS be choſen; but if Mr. TIBBALD, it is not ſo neceſſary, unleſs the cabbage be ſuppoſed to ſignify the ſame thing with reſpect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *ſtealing*. I ſhould judge it not amiſs to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy*: Not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court-poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* muſt be compoſed and ſung in laud and praiſe of the new poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himſelf: And no man, I am ſure, can *ſing* it ſo affectingly. But what this canticle ſhould be, either in his or the other candidate's caſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick ſhow*, or *entry* of the poet: To ſettle the order or proceſſion of which, Mr. ANSTIS and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a confer-

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ence. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an *elephant*; the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I ſhould imagine the next animal in ſize or dignity would do beſt: either a *mule* or a large *aſs*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whoſe portraiture makes ſo great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unleſs I am miſinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city: Unleſs Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he chuſe the water, upon one of his own *ſwans* from *Cæſar in Egypt*.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now ſpeak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. Firſt, we ſee he muſt be able to make verſes *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *ſing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: Here I confeſs the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *ſtomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy: but rather a ſtanch, vigorous, ſeaſoned, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could alſo wiſh, at this juncture, ſuch a perſon as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry*; no joker, or trifler; but a bard in *good earneſt*; nay, not amiſs, if a critick, and the better if a little *obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great privileges have been loſt from this office (as we ſee from the forecited authentick

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record of Jovius), namely, thoſe of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*, becoming even his *domeſtick* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and reſolute, to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high honours. I have canſe to fear, moſt of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of miniſters, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteady* aſſertion of theſe privileges may be expected; and, if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy preſident of our ſociety.

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GUARDIANS.

N° 4. *March* 16, 1713.

THOUGH moſt things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle word, the Cuſtom; yet there are ſome, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe conſequence as it is generally uſed by people of politeneſs, and whom a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of Praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving. Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even truth itſelf in a Dedication is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe or Vizor-Maſque, and will appear a Cheat by being dreſt ſo like one. Though the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon, that, becauſe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praiſes in his face. 'Tis juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was

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advanced to triumph for his ſervices: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumſtance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point, but the patron's permiſſion before-hand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering Dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his

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condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. 'Tis obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo it is certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon theſe paſteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as

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antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I was employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair ſex. What was moſt legible was the Dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe Gothic ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſort of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader, as follows: * * * "Though "it is a kind of prophanation to approach your "Grace with ſo poor an offering, yet when I reflect "how acceptable a ſacrifice of firſt-fruits was to Hea- "ven, in the earlieſt and pureſt ages of religion, that "they were honoured with ſolemn feaſts, and conſe- "crated to altars by a divine command; * * * Upon "that conſideration, as an argument of particular zeal, "I dedicate * * * 'Tis impoſſible to behold you without "adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that "ſurrounds you, men feel a ſacred power, that refines "their flames, and renders them pure as thoſe we "ought to offer to the Deity. * * * The ſhrine is worthy "the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we ſee "what woman was before ſhe fell, how nearly allied to "the purity and perfection of Angels. And we adore "and bleſs the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious Dedication, could not but convince the Ducheſs

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of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred praiſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book either Proſe or Verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner.

The AUTHOR to Himſelf.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, that it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhown to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice

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or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in publick; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyrick: But, ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I ſo much deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but, till then, can only aſſure you, that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your affectionate Friend, and

The greateſt of your Admirers.

Nº 11. TUESDAY, *March* 24, 1713.

Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite:
Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. v. 80.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

"AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any "way contribute to the Public Good, I flatter "myſelf I may claim your Countenance and Protection.

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" I am by Profeſſion a Mad Doctor, but of a peculiar " Kind, not of thoſe whoſe Aim it is to remove Phren- " zies, but one who make it my buſineſs to confer an " agreeable Madneſs on my Fellow-Creatures for their " mutual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by " the Philoſophers, that Happineſs and Miſery conſiſt " chiefly in the Imagination, nothing is more neceſſary " to Mankind in general than this pleaſing Delirium, " which renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and " perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

" I have for ſeveral Years, both at home and abroad, " made this Science my particular Study, which I may " venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the " Courts of Europe; and have reduced it into ſo ſafe " and eaſy a Method, as to practiſe it on both Sexes, " of what Diſpoſition, Age, or Quality ſoever, with " Succeſs. What enables me to perform this great " Work, is the Uſe of my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the " *Grand Elixir*, to ſupport the Spirits of human Na- " ture. This Remedy is of the moſt grateful Flavour " in the World, and agrees with all Taſtes whatever. " 'Tis delicate to the Senſes, delightful in the Opera- " tion, may be taken at all Hours without Confine- " ment, and is as properly given at a Ball or Play- " houſe, as in a private Chamber. It reſtores and vi- " vifies the moſt dejected Minds, corrects and extracts " all that is painful in the Knowledge of a Man's ſelf. " One Doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe itſelf through " the whole Animal Syſtem, diſſipate the firſt Motions " of Diſtruſt ſo as never to return, and ſo exhilarate " the Brain and rarify the Gloom of Reflection, as to " give the Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of " Behaviour, and a pleaſing Dependance upon their " own Capacities.

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" Let a Perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him " not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled " many Years with reſtleſs Reflections, which by long " Neglects have hardened into ſettled Conſideration. " Thoſe that have been ſtung with Satire may here " find a certain Antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all " the Remains of Poiſon that has been left in the Un- " derſtanding by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart " againſt the Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of " Epigrams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as " has been often experienced by ſeveral Perſons of both " Sexes, during the Seaſons of *Tunbridge*, and the " *Bath*.

" I could, as further Inſtances of my Succeſs, pro- " duce Certificates and Teſtimonials from the Favour- " ites and Ghoſtly Fathers of the moſt eminent Princes " of Europe; but ſhall content myſelf with the Mention " of a few Cures, which I have performed by this " my *Grand Univerſal Reſtorative*, during the Practice " of one Month only ſince I came to this City.

Cures in the Month of February, 1713.

" George Spondee, Eſq; Poet and Inmate of the " Pariſh of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, fell into violent " Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third Night. He " had been frighted into a Vertigo by the Sound of " Cat-calls on the Firſt Day; and the frequent Hiſſings " on the Second made him unable to endure the bare " Pronunciation of the Letter S. I ſearched into the " Cauſes of his Diſtemper; and by the Preſcription of " a Doſe of my *Obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum Artem*, " recovered him to his natural State of Madneſs. I caſt " in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill Taſte of the Town*, " *Envy of Criticks*, *bad Performance of the Actors*, and

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" the like. He is ſo perfectly cured, that he has " promiſed to bring another Play upon the Stage next " Winter.

" A Lady of profeſſed Virtue, of the Pariſh of St. " James's, Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her Name " may be concealed, having taken Offence at a Phraſe " of double Meaning in Converſation, undiſcovered " by any other in the Company, ſuddenly fell into a " cold Fit of Modeſty. Upon a right Application of " Praiſe of her Virtue, I threw the Lady into an agree- " able waking Dream, ſettled the Fermentation of her " Blood into a warm Charity, ſo as to make her look " with Patience on the very Gentleman that offended.

" Hilaria, of the Pariſh of St. Giles's in the Fields, " a Coquette of long Practice, was by the Reprimand " of an old Maiden reduced to look grave in Compa- " ny, and deny herſelf the Play of the Fan. In ſhort, " ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy Circumſtances, " that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into Devo- " tion at Church. I adviſed her to take a few *inno-* " *cent Freedoms with occaſional Kiſſes*, preſcribed her " the *Exerciſe of the Eyes*, and immediately raiſed her " to her former State of Life. She on a ſudden reco- " vered her Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her " Glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt has not " once been ſeen in an attentive Poſture. This the " Church-Wardens are ready to atteſt upon Oath.

" Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mohock, " was almoſt induced by an aged Bencher of the ſame " Houſe, to leave off bright Converſation, and pore " over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was ſo ill that his Hat " began to flap, and he was ſeen one Day in the laſt " Term at Weſtminſter Hall. This Patient had quite " loſt his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Diſtilla- " tion of a few of my vivifying Drops in his Ear, drew

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" him from his Lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſual " vivacious Miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very " eaſy in his Condition.

" I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innume- " rable Cures I have performed within Twenty Days " laſt paſt; but rather proceed to exhort all Perſons " of whatever Age, Complexion, or Quality, to take as " ſoon as poſſible of this my intellectual Oil; which " applied at the Ear ſeizes all the Senſes with a moſt " agreeable Tranſport, and diſcovers its Effects, not " only to the Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who " converſe with, attend upon, or any way relate to him " or her that receives the kindly Infection. It is often " adminiſtered by Chamber-maids, Valets, or any the " moſt ignorant Domeſtick; it being one peculiar Excel- " lence of this my Oil, that it is moſt prevalent, the " more unſkilful the Perſon is, or appears, who ap- " plies it. It is abſolutely neceſſary for Ladies to take " a Doſe of it juſt before they take Coach to go a " viſiting.

" But I offend the Publick, as Horace ſaid, when I " treſpaſs on any of your time. Give me leave then, " Mr. Ironſide, to make you a preſent of a drachm or " two of my Oil; though I have cauſe to fear my " preſcriptions will not have the effect upon you I could " wiſh: Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you " in my Favour by the preſent of my Oil, but wholly " depend upon your publick Spirit and Generoſity; " which I hope will recommend to the World the " uſeful endeavours of,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Faithful, moſt Devoted, moſt Humble Servant and Admirer,

GNATHO.

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*** Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

" N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at reaſonable " rates to Gentlemen of the Univerſities, who deſire " to be qualified for writing Dedications; and to young " Lovers and Fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day " of Marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright Capaci- " ties to flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to " flatter themſelves.

" I was the firſt Inventor of Pocket Looking " Glaſſes."

N° 40. MONDAY, *April* 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of ſome former Papers on the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon at Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

1. I Deſigned to have troubled the reader with no further diſcourſes of Paſtoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whoſe Eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper in Obſervations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticiſm, and without any apprehenſion of offending that Gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the firſt rule of Paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the Repre-

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ſentation of Innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that deſign degrade a Poem from being truly paſtoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder: As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by * Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the Criticks in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather ſelect Poems than Paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing with no leſs truth of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the Criticks, viz. They never meant them all for paſtorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of Paſtoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh: For

* See Rapin de Carm. Par. iii.

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example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui*; *quoijam* for *cujam*; *volt* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus as Philips hath of Spenſer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it), yet it requires great reading both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated *ſome ſingle thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an Univerſity education), but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe *whole* third paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of Paſtoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our own country, I

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did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale,

Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, king-cups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage.

With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee*
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.

Lanq. *Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,*
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers,
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay;
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,*
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,

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But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,*
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,*
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,*
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,*
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing Fair is found.

Daph. *The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,*
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of Poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral Preſents. Philips ſays thus of a Sheep-hook,

Of ſeaſon'd elm; where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year;

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The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

——where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie?

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what that hight, which girds the welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?

If the reader will indulge his curioſity any further, in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, That beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to ſee!

The ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy

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turn of the words in this Dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion), are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels: For example:

A rolling-ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.
——*He that late lies down, as late will riſe,*
And, ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.
——*Againſt Ill-luck all cunning foreſight fails;*
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.
——*Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong.*

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt-born of Spenſer, and our only true Arcadian. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral Countries. Spenſer ſeems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his Paſtorals in Wales; where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unuſual and elegant manner;

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

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Diggon anſwers:

Hur was hur, while it was day-light:
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, etc.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, intituled, A Paſtoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect Paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved as a further beauty of this Paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking:

Cicily. *Rager, ga vetch tha * Kee, or elſe tha Zun*
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. *Thou ſhould'ſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee*
To dreve our Bull to bull the Parſon's Kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of *Jealouſy*; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. *Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,*
When in yon Vield you kiſs'd the Parſon's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the Wake thou brought'ſt me ginger-bread?

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'ſt me valſe—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha Parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me.

* That is, the Kine or Cows.

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In which anſwer of his, are expreſſed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of Paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world:

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhow my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the ſame road with this old Weſt Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a Paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that (according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry) they are by no means Paſtorals, but ſomething better.

N° 61. *May* 21, 1713.

Primoque a caede ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum. OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over

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their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill-treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

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I fancy too ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The children in the wood.* However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtick may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of Owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alleged for the deſtruction of Frogs is becauſe they are like Toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

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When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti ſimilis.———

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, Pigs whipped to death, Fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance,

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beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect: "That "'tis no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly which has no "ears. Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to be ſo out of "faſhion as not to offend, let us, at leaſt, offend with "ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill an animal "for our proviſion, let us do it with the meltings of "compaſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us "conſider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a "living creature to death; we at leaſt deſtroy a ſoul "that has ſenſe and perception." In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner: "It "ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to mankind, that "our humanity has a wider ſphere to exert itſelf in, "than bare juſtice. It is no more than the obligation "of our very birth to practiſe equity to our own kind; "but humanity may be extended through the whole "order of creatures, even to the meaneſt: ſuch ac-"tions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-"nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a "well-natured man to take care of his horſes and "dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while "they are foals and whelps, but even when their old "age has made them incapable of ſervice."

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation, that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how

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remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the production and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into, is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion:

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Praebetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum———
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas praebet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hoedum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!———

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

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There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—"Should I not ſpare Ni-"neveh the great city, wherein are more than ſixſcore "thouſand perſons—And alſo much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it in thoſe words: "If thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the "way, thou ſhalt not take the dam with the young: "But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go, that it "may be well with thee, and that thou mayeſt pro-"long thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this Paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him; and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to

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retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the uſage of men (replied the Tree), by its contrary. I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo: I know it, ſaid the Cow, by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired of courteſy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who, upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to get into ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

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N° 91. *June* 25, 1713.

——— ineſt ſua gratia parvis. VIRG.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq.

SIR,

" I Remember a ſaying of yours concerning perſons
" in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their little-
" neſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they did
" not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves in all
" their behaviour. Indeed the obſervation that no
" man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for
" the affectation of being ſomething more, is equally
" true, in regard to the mind and the body.

" I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to
" hear, that a ſet of us have formed a ſociety, who are
" ſworn to dare to be ſhort, and boldly bear out the
" dignity of littleneſs under the noſes of thoſe enor-
" mous engroſſers of manhood, thoſe hyperbolical
" monſters of the ſpecies, the tall fellows that over-
" look us.

" The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of Decem-
" ber, being the ſhorteſt of the year, on which we are
" to hold an annual Feaſt over a diſh of Shrimps.

" The place we have choſen for this meeting is in
" the little Piazza, not without an eye to the neigh-
" bourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the performers
" of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly af-
" fection.

" At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman brought
" her ſon to the Club-Room, deſiring he might be
" educated in this ſchool, becauſe ſhe ſaw here were

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" finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident " no way discouraged our designs. We began with " sending invitations to those of a stature not exceed- " ing five feet, to repair to our assembly; but the " greater part returned excuses, or pretended they " were not qualified.

" One said, he was indeed but five foot at present, " but represented that he should soon exceed that pro- " portion, his perriwig-maker and shoe-maker having " lately promised him three inches more betwixt " them.

" Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to " have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever " had determined his stature to five feet, had taken " him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted " on the other leg, he was at least five feet two inches " and a half.

" There are some who questioned the exactness of " our measures, and others, instead of complying, " returned us informations of people yet shorter than " themselves. In a word, almost every one recom- " mended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he " was willing we should look upon to be less than he. " We were not a little ashamed that those who are past " the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce " them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks " in this point, as the most aspiring children when they " are measured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-Room, " and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. " In the first place, we caused a total removal of all the " chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross " of mankind for many years.

" The disadvantages we had undergone while we " made use of these, were unspeakable. The Presi-

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" dent's whole body was ſunk in the elbow-chair, and " when his arms were ſpread over it, he appeared (to " the great leſſening of his dignity) like a child in a " go-cart: It was alſo ſo wide in the ſeat, as to give " a wag occaſion of ſaying, that notwithſtanding the " Preſident ſat in it, there was a *Sede Vacante.*

" The table was ſo high, that one who came by " chance to the door, ſeeing our chins juſt above the " pewter diſhes, took us for a circle of men that ſat " ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a dozen Barbers.

" Another time, one of the club ſpoke in a ludicrous " manner of the Preſident, imagining he had been ab- " ſent, when he was only eclipſed by a flaſk of Flo- " rence, which ſtood on the table in a parallel line be- " fore his face.

" We therefore new-furniſhed the room in all re- " ſpects proportionably to us; and had the door made " lower, ſo as to admit no man of above five feet high " without bruſhing his foretop, which, whoever does, " is utterly unqualified to ſit among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follows:

" I. If it be proved upon any member, though never " ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much as poſſible " to get above his ſize, by ſtretching, cocking, or the " like; or that he hath ſtood on tiptoe in a crowd, " with deſign to be taken for as tall a man as the reſt; " or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or " other device under him, to exalt him on his ſeat; every " ſuch offender ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for " a whole month.

" II. If any member ſhall take advantage from the " fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of his dreſs, " or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwiſe, " to ſeem larger or higher than he is, it is ordered, he

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" ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, and a red feather " in his hat; which may apparently mark and ſet " bounds to the extremities of his ſmall dimenſion, that " all people may readily find him out between his hat " and his ſhoes.

" III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for his " own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in " height; that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a Scotch " galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and the over- " plus of the money ſhall treat the Club.

" IV. If any Member, in direct contradiction to the " fundamental laws of the Society, ſhall wear the heels " of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and a half; it ſhall " be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleneſs, " and the criminal ſhall inſtantly be expelled. Note, " The form to be uſed in expelling a member ſhall be " in theſe words: " Go from among us, and be tall " if you can."

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſociety, " that ſince the race of mankind is granted to have de- " creaſed in ſtature, from the beginning to this preſent, " it is the intent of Nature itſelf, that men ſhould be " little; and we believe, that all human kind ſhall at " laſt grow down to perfection, that is to ſay, be re- " duced to *our own meaſure*."

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N° 92. *June* 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq.

" YOU are now acquainted with the nature and de-
" ſign of our inſtitution; the Character of the
" members, and the topicks of our Converſation, are
" what remain for the ſubject of this Epiſtle.

" The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly are a
" little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, and a
" little Hero. The firſt of theſe, Dick Diſtich by
" name, we have elected Preſident: not only as he is
" the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has entertained
" ſo juſt a ſenſe of his ſtature, as to go generally in
" black, that he may appear yet leſs. Nay, to that
" perfection he is arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks.
" The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively
" little creature, with long arms and legs: a Spider is
" no ill emblem of him: he has been taken at a diſ-
" tance for a ſmall Windmill. But indeed what prin-
" cipally moved us in his favour was his talent in
" Poetry, for he hath promiſed to undertake a long
" work in ſhort verſe to celebrate the heroes of our
" ſize. He has entertained ſo great a reſpect for Sta-
" tius, on the ſcore of that Line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

" that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole Thebaid,
" for the ſake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt
" gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in
" his habiliments; and to the end juſtice may be done

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" him that way, conſtantly employs the ſame artiſt " who makes attire for the neighbouring Princes and " Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of " his temper inclines him ſometimes to boaſt of the " favours of the Fair. He was t'other night excuſing " his abſence from the club on account of an aſſigna- " tion with a Lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell " us, a tall one too), who had conſented to the full " accompliſhment of his deſires that evening: But one " of the company, who was his confident, aſſured us, " ſhe was a woman of humour, and made the agree- " ment on this condition, that his toe ſhould be tied " to hers.

" Our Politician is a perſon of real gravity, and " profeſſed wiſdom: Gravity in a man of this ſize, " compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears " like the Gravity of a Cat, compared with that of a " Lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed to talk to him- " ſelf, and was once overheard to compare his own " perſon to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all " the ſecrets of ſtate, and refined ſchemes of Princes. " His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from " much watching and ſtudying for the welfare of Eu- " rope, which is alſo thought to have ſtinted his " growth: for he hath deſtroyed his own conſtitution " with taking care of that of the nation. He is what " Monſ. Balzac calls, a great Diſtiller of the maxims " of Tacitus: when he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly, and word by " word, as one that is loath to enrich you too faſt with " his obſervations; like a limbeck that gives you, drop " by drop, an extract of the little that is in it.

" The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim. Tuck, the Hero. " He is particularly remarkable for the length of his " Sword, which interſects his perſon in a croſs line, " and makes him appear not unlike a Fly that the

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" boys have run a pin through, and ſet a walking. " He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a " blow on the pate with his elbow, as he paſſed along " the ſtreet. But what he eſpecially values himſelf " upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he " never once ducked at the whizz of a cannon ball. " Tim. was full as large at fourteen years old as he is " now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little " Heroes being generally cholerick.

" Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven our " converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns upon " ſuch accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as " are daily occaſioned by our ſize: theſe we faithfully " communicate, either as a matter of mirth, or of " conſolation to each other. The Preſident had lately " an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on " a ſtormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no " new diſaſter, but the ſame a certain ancient Poet had " been ſubject to; who is recorded to have been ſo " light, that he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt " the wind, with lead on one ſide, and his own works " on the other. The Lover confeſſed the other night, " that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, " by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, " with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively. Our Hero " rarely acquaints us with any of his unſucceſsful ad- " ventures: and as for the Politician, he declares him- " ſelf an utter enemy to all kind of burleſque, ſo will " never diſcompoſe the auſterity of his aſpect by laugh- " ing at our adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his " own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of " any accidents that befal him, is by way of com- " plaint, nor is he ever laughed at but in his *Abſence*.

" We are likewiſe particularly careful to communi- " cate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, or cha-

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" racters of illuſtrious perſonages, as any way reflect " honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but juſt " reading enough for a military man, perpetually enter- " tains us with the ſame ſtories, of little David that " conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxembourg " that made Louis XIV. a grand Monarque, never for- " getting little Alexander the Great. Dick Diſtich ce- " lebrates the exceeding humanity of Auguſtus, who " called Horace *lepidiſſimum homunciolum:* and is won- " derfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scarron, for having " ſo well deſcribed their diminutive forms to poſterity. " He is peremptorily of opinion, againſt a great Reader " and all his adherents, that Æſop was not a jot pro- " perer or handſomer than he is repreſented by the " common pictures. But the Soldier believes with the " learned perſon above mentioned; for he thinks none " but an impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch " an unmannerly piece of ſatire on little warriors, as " his Battle of the Mouſe and the Frog. The Politician " is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called " Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſſures us, was a perſon " of a very low ſtature, but far exceeded all that went " before him in diſcretion and politicks.

" As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my buſineſs, " whenever we meet, to take minutes of the tranſac- " tions: this has enabled me to ſend you the foregoing " particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We " have ſpies appointed in every quarter of the town, " to give us informations of the miſbehaviour of ſuch " refractory perſons as refuſe to be ſubject to our ſta- " tutes. Whatſoever aſpiring practices any of theſe " our people ſhall be guilty of in their Amours, ſingle " Combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we " ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to " the world, for their puniſhment and reformation.

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" For the Preſident has granted me the ſole propriety " of expoſing and ſhewing to the town all ſuch intract- " able Dwarfs, whoſe circumſtances exempt them from " being carried about in Boxes: reſerving only to him- " ſelf, as the right of a Poet, thoſe ſmart characters " that will ſhine in Epigrams. Venerable Neſtor, I " ſalute you in the name of the Club.

" BOB. SHORT, *Secretary.*"

N° 173. *September* 29, 1713.

Nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen Acanthi,
Pallenteſque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos. VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurpriſe to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats (or, if you will, Villas) of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtra villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonſilique buxeto,

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Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque laetatur.

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned Nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This was the taſte of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt entirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the ſeventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the Reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was encloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

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The Vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the Garden; as alſo the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the encloſure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the ſervice of the publick.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf: we run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our trees in the moſt awkward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque aerea roſtra:
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque, ſpiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that fineſt which is leaſt natural. A Citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like thoſe of

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Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a Coronation dinner in greens, where you ſee the Champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of Greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent Town-Gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the Villas and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo Gardener, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam, a little ſhattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the Serpent very flouriſhing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in Box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the ſame, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine Bear in Bloſſom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

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A pair of Giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green-ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnſon in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of; a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet Hog ſhot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pig, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Fir, in great forwardneſs.

He alſo cutteth family-pieces of men, women, and children, ſo that any gentleman may have his lady's effigy in Myrtle, or his own in Horn-beam.

Thy Wife ſhall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.

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PREFACE

TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Geniuſes: The utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely:* for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them, to which the Invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

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Our Author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſſed by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what is ſaid or done, as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀῤ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: It grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elo-

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cution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: In Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In Shakespear, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristick which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *Soul of poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is

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naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: Or of ſuch as though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epick poem, *the return of* Ulyſſes, *the ſettlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger* of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*; they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Æneas of

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Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the Loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* If we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is the field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance

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for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines*, in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetick, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: Every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of Poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: And here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurpriſing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice and ſubject to command: That of Ajax is heavy and ſelf-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: The courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and

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tenderneſs for his people: We find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in *wiſdom*; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other, *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, beſides, characters of *courage*; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar, but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the *Epick* and *Tragick* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree

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or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatick part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent character, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: All which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *descriptions*, *images*, and *similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every

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ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurprizing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epick Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men: His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors, than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it.

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'Tis the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: And in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and filled the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet Κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others, which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line), without diverting the Reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his *verſification*, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its different *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them, as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt

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affected was the *Ionick*, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attick* contractions, the broader *Dorick*, and the feebler *Æolick*, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas), will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: Indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other.

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Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and aſpiring vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſported*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: It is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, be-

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cauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: Each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion; Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action, diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion and extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundance or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief *objections* againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps

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it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *ſpeaking horſes*, and Virgil his *myrtles diſtilling blood*, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his *ſimiles* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *groſſer repreſentations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following *Eſſay**: But I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally

* See the Articles of Theology and Morality in the third part of the Eſſay.

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carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier*, "that thoſe "times and manners are ſo much the more excellent, "as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhown but for the ſake of lucre; when the greateſt Princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern criticks, who are ſhocked at the *ſervile offices* and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed*

* Preface to her Homer.

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Pallas, the *swift-footed* Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: They were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monsr. Boileau is of opinion that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: As Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynick, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to those in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the islands of the blessed**. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

* Hesiod. Op. et de Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

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What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe criticks never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook and praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſey above the Æneis: as that the Hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: Or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not ſo good and perfect a Prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetick. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of

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thoſe that followed: And in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtick of Poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of criticks; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature)

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might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtick. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language; but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take but thoſe which are neceſſary for tranſfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: And I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire

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in his managing: However, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative: And it is what Homer will teach us, if we but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English Critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: Some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime*; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: No author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: It is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that

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the *Divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator, on the one hand, to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches* which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campaign*, *junto*, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen), cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles*, by which every common eye

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diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: Thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects; and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt Poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle world as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εινοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtick idea in the *periphraſis*: *The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of different ſignifications may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: Therefore, in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear

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of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches, where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: When they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: If they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the *Verſification*. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſt of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers

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have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſey, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy de Amboiſe, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

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Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its having been eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him, than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters, though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: In particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all

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the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentators, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epick poem, the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the Publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt Poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome

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concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion, in ſuch terms, as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the Publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) ſo complete a praiſe.

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Read Homer once, *and you can read no more;*
For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer *will be all the Books you need.*

That the Earl of Hallifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroick Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing paſtorals to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon; but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent Secretary of State, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: And I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

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In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens, that has been ſhewn me by its learned rival, the Univerſity of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

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PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; though to do it effectually and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakeſpear muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A deſign which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtick excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakeſpear. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo

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immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Ægyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpear was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an Inſtrument of Nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpear is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his Plays, that, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

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How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: in the coolneſs of reflection and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born* as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage, ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and

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its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpear, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank; accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies, have their ſcene among *Tradeſmen* and *Mechanicks:* And even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurpriſe* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe* as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Johnſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the

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Grex, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpear by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call immortality: Some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgment of that body

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of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpear that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *the Contention of York and Lancaſter:* and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects, but ſuperfœtations; and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe

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thoughts, forced expreſſions, etc. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the aforeſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company), if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine: but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning, and mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Johnſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it

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is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpear. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton): He appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in the *Two noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our Author and Ben Johnſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Johnſon had much the more learning,

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it was ſaid on the one hand that Shakeſpear had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpear had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpear borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Johnſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Johnſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakeſpear wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon.

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged by Shakeſpear. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his

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contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſsly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. Ben Johnſon might indeed be ſparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their heads at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpear's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and

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ſpelling: Their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Johnſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpear's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay, that not Shakeſpear only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midſummer Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions

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of them. There are extant two prefaces to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida*, in 1609, and that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Playhouſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious; and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quartos.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe quartos, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and

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Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the playhouſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin), where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages, which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the playhouſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome places their * very names are, through careleſſneſs, ſet down inſtead of the *perſonæ dramatis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them: often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

* *Much ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of Balthaſar. And in Act iv. *Cowley*, and *Kemp*, conſtantly through a whole ſcene.
Edit. Fol. 1623, and 1632.

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Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpear introduces a kind of Maſter of the revels called Philoſtrate; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent editions: So alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This toō makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: or ſometimes, perhaps, for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that claſs of people, was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt playhouſes were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.), ſo the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the buttery by the ſteward,

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not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpear publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine, but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *the Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others (particularly *Love's Labour Loſt*, *the Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*), that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable, what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpear's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpear the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what Ben Johnſon ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New-Inn.*) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the

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ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpear was yet living. And there is no better authority for thoſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence, of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpear's writings lie at preſent: for, ſince the above mentioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done, I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the Margin, ſo that every one

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may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide Codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakeſpear himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations, by being ſo inſerted that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page: with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this Author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently: and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the Reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by comma's in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of Criticiſm (namely, the pointing out an Author's excellencies), than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies, or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the Author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

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I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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